THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXIX — No. 1027

AUGUST 8, 1923

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SCOTTISH SEASON NUMBER + ALL USUAL FEATURES

The BYSTANDER

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PATENT CREAMS, No. 19215.
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BEDROOMS AND DRESSING-ROOMS include some unique specimens of ANTIQUE FOUR-POST BEDS, TALL BOY AND OTHER CHESTS, GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE, OLD BUFFET DRESSING TABLES, in styles of Elizabethan, William and Mary, Queen Anne, etc., all to be sold quite regardless of original cost.

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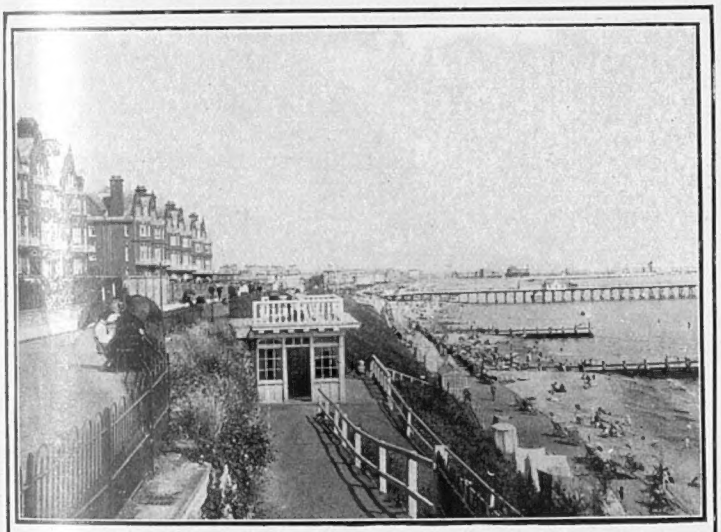

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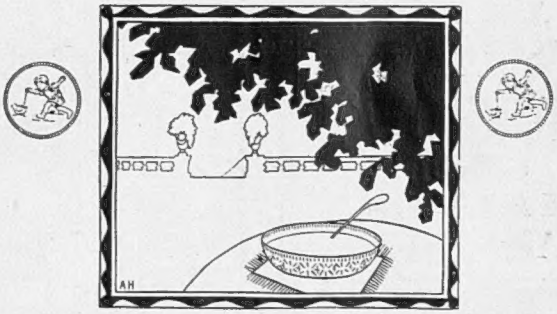

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BECOMING EMBROIDERED VELVET HAT, with roll up brim. In Navy, Brown, Copper, and Grey.

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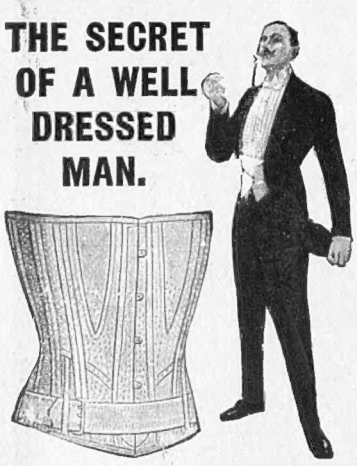
THE SECRET OF A WELL DRESSED MAN.



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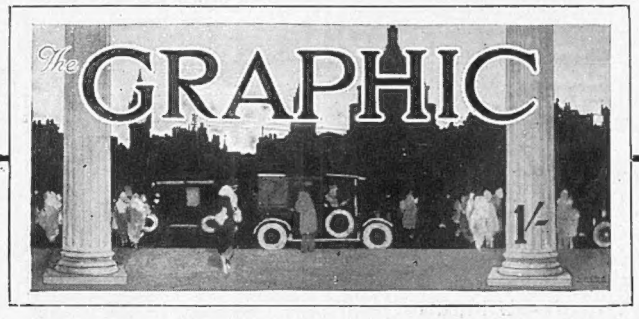

The issue of August 11 will contain, among other features:

THE DUKE OF YORK'S HOME:

PAGES OF PICTURES OF WHITE LODGE IN RICHMOND PARK

WINTER IN SUMMER ON THE SCOTTISH HILLS

HOLIDAYING BY MEANS OF A CARAVAN

THE HUMOURS OF THE CALEDONIAN MARKET

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With absolutely Natural Skin Parting from
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Can be obtained in heavy quality crepe de Chine. In Ivory, Pink, Sky, Lemon, Almond, Peach.
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Corduroy Hat to match.
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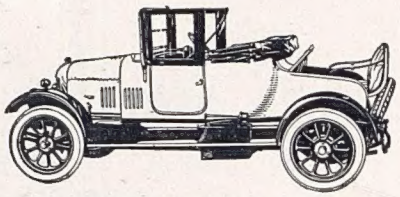

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"The Car that set the fashion to the World"

Two-Seater

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Fully equipped with dynamo electric lighting, horn, spare wheel and tyre, hood with all weather side curtains.

8 h.p. Four-Seater as illustrated - - £190
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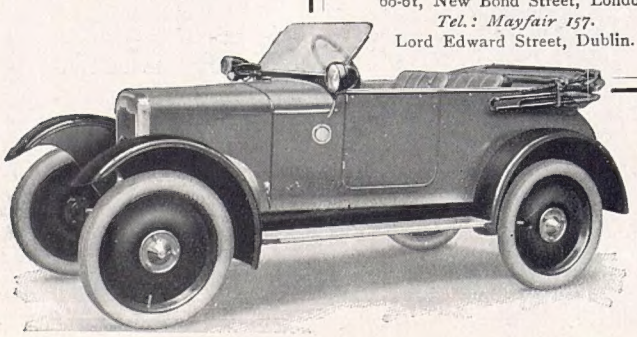

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The Bystander, August 8, 1923 No. 1027. Vol. LXXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Bertram Park*

A LEADING SCOTTISH HOSTESS

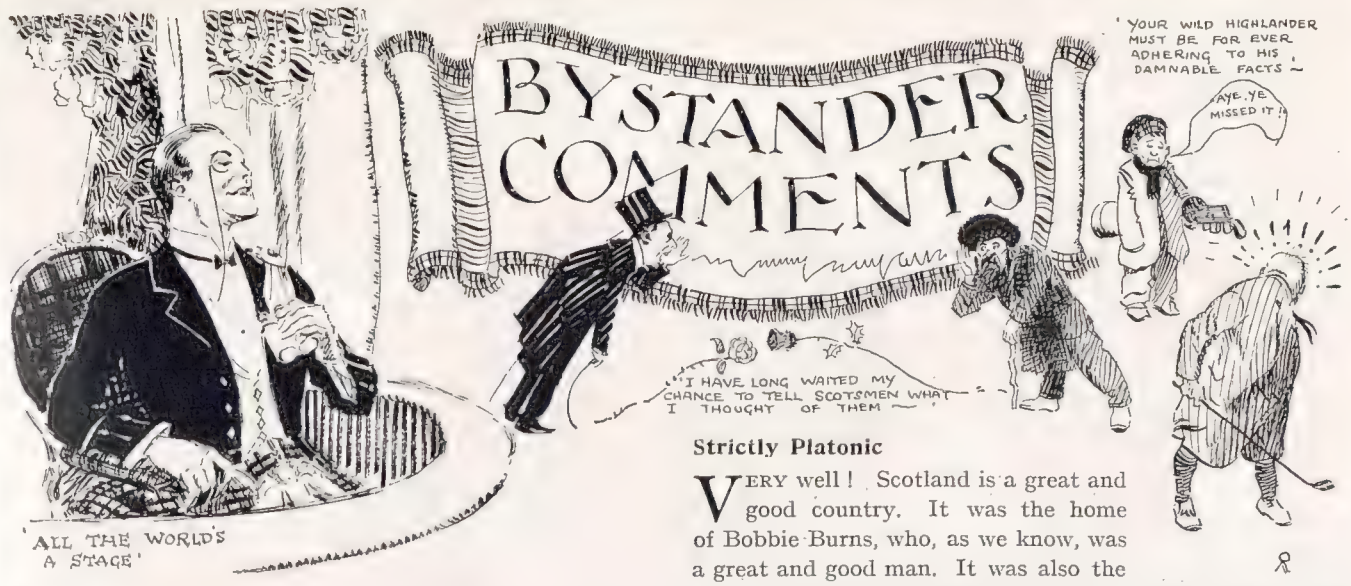
The Duchess of Sutherland, whose hospitality at Dunrobin Castle is well-known in the Highlands. She is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough and, as wife of the Under Secretary of State for Air, is a prominent London political hostess

A Scottish Earl

Photograph *Alexander Corbett*

THE EARL OF MACDUFF

Only son of Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Governor-General of the Union of South Africa. The Earl, who recently returned to South Africa, will be nine years old this week (August 9)



My Moment

THEY say there is a moment in every man's life when Opportunity comes knocking at the door. They don't specify what Opportunity—that would make it too easy. It may be the opportunity to become Prime Minister, or just the opportunity to mak' a fool o' yersel'.

My Sardonic Smile

MY Opportunity has come at last. I have long waited for my chance to tell Scotsmen what I thought of them and their country. When other people run down the Russians, poke pins into the Portuguese or tease the Turks, I sit by with my sardonic smile turned full on. For why? I am thinking of what I could say about Scotsmen if I had the opportunity.

A Special Number

AND here it is—a special Scots Number of THE BYSTANDER—just to give me the chance to feed fat the ancient grudge I bear them. Believe me, I am thrilled to the core. My Waterswan Fountpen trembles until its 4.9 carat nib is in danger. Imagine! The opportunity to say just what you like about Caledonia, stern and wild, and two pages to say it in.

Damnable Facts

I HAVEN'T been to Scotland for a very long time, but I know it to be a great and good country. All the great and good Scotsmen who come to London to manage my affairs tell me that such is the case, and if a Scotsman has one virtue, it is that he tells the truth. Myself, I treat the truth with far more respect. I don't cheapen it by dragging it out on every possible occasion. I reserve it for special occasions, whereas your wild Highlander must be for ever adhering to his damnable facts.

'THEY HAVE ALL CONVINCED ME THAT I WAS TO BLAME FOR MISSING THE POINT OF THEIR JOKE'

Strictly Platonic

VERY well! Scotland is a great and good country. It was the home of Bobbie Burns, who, as we know, was a great and good man. It was also the taking-off ground of Bonnie Prince Charlie, whose affair with Flora Macdonald was strictly platonic. Which leads to the inevitable reflection that the romances of all true Scots are strictly platonic in character. For, consider—Scotsmen live on haggis, and how could they be otherwise?

All the Virtues

WE are drawing up a considerable catalogue of virtues, you will observe, but we are far from exhausting the virtues of this virtuous race. One great merit about the Scot is his perseverance. You know the story of Robert Bruce—how he watched a spider trying to get home after a late night at the office. He is the model on which all good Scotsmen mould their lives. They look around for an English spider and watch him persevere until the job is done. Then, like Robert Bruce, they come down to the footlights and accept the plaudits of the crowd with a modesty that is characteristic of their race.

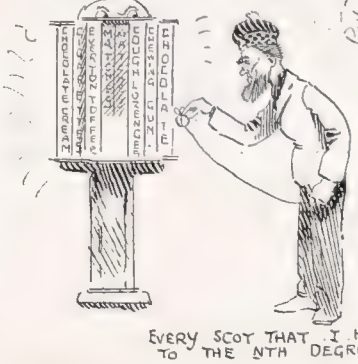
'BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE WHOSE AFFAIR WITH FLORA MACDONALD WAS STRICTLY PLATONIC'

Slow—and Sure

IT has been said that the Scotsman is slow and sure. That isn't quite true. The Scotsman may appear slow, but that is only because he can't always find a spider sufficiently

(Continued on page 555)

'ONE GREAT MERIT ABOUT THE SCOT IS HIS PERSEVERENCE'


'EVERY SCOT THAT I HAVE MET HAS BEEN "CANNY" TO THE NTH DEGREE'

23

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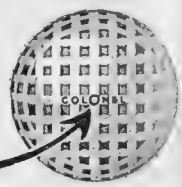

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

qualified to do the job on the spur of the moment. Don't let us blame the Scotsman—let us rather blame the spider for being slow and remember that the Scotsman is sure—to take the credit.

The Canny Scot

I HAVE never been able to discover whether the word "canny" is a compliment or an opprobrious epithet. Every Scot that I have ever met has been "canny" to the *n*th degree—which is only another way of saying that he is superlatively capable of looking after himself. Even his sentimental songs are but the veriest camouflage to preserve intact the virginity of his *ego*. Take that affecting ballad "You'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low," which makes even an Englishman weep. It appears to reek of altruism, and yet, if you will study it for a moment, you will find that it is merely a cynical endeavour to send the other fellow to the inhospitable shores of Caithness while the singer beats it for London—travelling under the seat of a southern express—without a ticket, of course!

Pawky Humour

AND they are a humorous race. Not humorous, perhaps, in our Southern acceptance of the term, but humorous, nevertheless. Not so humorous as they would have us believe, but that is a criticism that applies to any one of us. If you try to nail one of their jokes to the counter with a view to dissecting it they will tell you that they specialise in a particular brand known as "pawky." If you ask them what is the difference between pawky humour and—humour—they have a ready answer to turn away criticism.

Don't Laugh!

AS a matter of fact, the Scot owes his commanding position in the commercial world to his sense of humour. He has it well under control. You will never find him stopping to laugh at himself. If he did, he would never get back to the job in hand. He doesn't mind other people laughing at him; in fact, he rather encourages them to do so, because he is canny enough to know that laughter is a waste of time, and is, therefore, to be encouraged—in the opposition.

Let Us Be Just

I KNOW that I am running a great risk in praising the northern nation in such unqualified terms. The mere Englishman will complain that he has been left out of the picture, but, after all, this number of THE BYSTANDER is dedicated to the Scot, and I am never one to do things by halves. Some churlish fellow may suggest that I am attempting to curry favour with those stern, strong men who control our destinies, but I can afford to smile at such calumnies, for I am—*hush*—myself—*whisper it gently*—a Scot!

"THE TWELFTH" By CHAS. GRAVE

One Big "But"—and *One* Big "Grouse"!

The Swan of Solway

ALL this talk about Scotland brings us naturally to that great Scots author, William McShakespeare. It may not be generally known that William was of Scots descent, but I feel sure that such must have been the case, or how could he have written such excellent plays? The evidence may appear slightly circumstantial, but, as a good Scot, I have no doubt upon the subject. I have forgotten what I had intended to say about the Swan of Solway, unless it was that I have recently seen a performance of *Julius Cæsar*—Murray Carrington's production—and I don't remember anything quite so good.

Dear Old Charlie

THE passing of dear old Charlie Hawtrey was, in almost every respect, what I believe he would have wished it to be—swift, and at the zenith of his fame. I don't think Hawtrey was one of those who would have cared "to die in his grease-paint," for he was a fastidious soul, and wore his Bohemian hat and cloak on top of an immaculate dress suit. And, again, beneath his white waistcoat, he wore a heart that was pure gold—if we take no count of those conventionalities for which he had no sort of use. After all, Hawtrey was a genius, and you can't measure genius with a foot-rule.

When Fathers are Wrong

I DON'T know that his career would have supplied a satisfactory basis for a sequel to *Eric, or Little by Little*. He must have appeared a shiftless youngster in his teens. Originally intended for the church, he flatly refused to consider the proposition. Next, was destined for a military career, but the glamour of the stage caught him, and the rest we know. Hawtrey, you see, had the enterprise to change his mind and the strength of character to face parental opposition. When he decided to be an actor his father said, "Wants to go on the stage, does he? Well, let him go—he will do no good there." But his father was wrong—as fathers so often are.

Rusty Guns

THE tide is beginning to turn against the large numbers of War memorials that have been erected up and down the country, and the question is being asked: What is their exact object? We may agree that some such memorial to the gallantry of our race is desirable, but what can be said for those rusty guns that still desecrate so many of our village greens. What consolation do *they* bring? To the village pond with them!

A Highland "Reel"

BY E. T. REED

"Sunset at nicht
Is a shepherd's delicht—
Sunset in the mor-r-ning
Is a shepherd's war-r-ning."

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph Central News

AT GOODWOOD RACES

The King arriving with his host, the Duke of Richmond, for the first day's racing. The weather, unfortunately, was at its worst on the opening day, but Goodwood retrieved its "glorious" reputation later

Photograph Central News

IN THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE

The Queen walking to the Royal stand at Goodwood. With her is the Duchess of Northumberland, who acted as hostess for her father, the Duke of Richmond

A Deluge

I WONDER how many people were soaked to the skin on the first day at Goodwood. The rain came down in "walking-sticks," a deluge just at the moment, too, when every one approaching the course was in one long line of motors. Those who were already in the luncheon tents and enclosures were lucky. The other unfortunate ones had their clothes ruined, to say nothing of their tempers.

Goodwood is the most picnicky of all the race meetings. On Tuesday it was a case of holding umbrellas over the cold chicken and lobster salad to keep them dry.

"Hand-Polished"

I KNOW of no place so *soigné* as Cowes. Everything is so spick and span along the water-front that one would never be surprised to see the immaculate landing-stages being dusted in the early morning. The whole place breathes a perfection of *tenue*. It always reminds me of the lawns of an Oxford college. Cowes and an Oxford lawn give you precisely the same impression, an impression somewhat difficult to convey in words, but which, I think, is summed up in an expression by an American, "Gee, it all looks as if it had been here since ever and was hand-polished every morning!"

Photograph I. B.

A CARD PARTY

The Duke and Duchess of York studying the race card before one of the big events at the Goodwood meeting

One figure, so familiar and popular for many years, is still missed at Cowes—the late Marquis of Ormonde, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Club. His widow, Elizabeth, Marchioness of Ormonde, has now made her home there, and lives at Solent Lodge, where this week she is entertaining a party of nieces and grandchildren. Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring are other faithful devotees of Cowes. The Marquis and Marchioness of Milford Haven have gone across from Southsea to spend the Cowes Week with them at Nubia House. Lady Crewe, Lady Granby and Lord Carmarthen, the eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, who succeeded Lord Ormonde as Commodore, are amongst their guests.

Lord and Lady Carisbrooke are at Carisbrooke Castle with Princess Beatrice, motoring into Cowes each day. The whole place is *chocà-bloc*. And it really is a pleasant reflection, a comforting salve to all the nasty, critical, belittling things we English folk say about ourselves—you can search the whole world over and you will find nothing like Cowes Week.

Nothing in England roused the jealousy

of the ex-Kaiser more keenly than the perfection of Cowes. He tried to imitate it at Kiel—and failed dismally. You can't create the atmosphere the American described as "since ever," not even if you are an Emperor. Like Topsy, it just grows. The roots go deep, deep down. We live in an age of change, but how we cling to our social fixtures, even the youngest and most revolutionary amongst us! An excellent sign.

Scottish Hostesses

WHEN the racing at Cowes is over, when the last dinner-parties afloat and ashore have been given, and the gardens of the Royal Yacht Squadron are deserted, then the flight to Scotland will begin with trains in duplicate and triplicate.

The promise of the moors this year is excellent, notwithstanding the havoc worked amongst the young grouse by bad

Photograph *Central Press*
COMMANDER SIR HERCULES AND LADY LANGRISHE

Photograph *British Illust.*
MRS. BLENNERHASSET (left), MISS BLENNERHASSET AND LORD DUNRAVEN

Photograph *Central Press*
THE HON. GILBERT JOHNSTONE'S PARTY COMING ASHORE AT COWES

weather. The Queen will pay a visit to Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles at Goldsborough Hall, and to Lord and Lady Elphinstone at Carberry Tower on her way to Balmoral during the King's visit to The Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh at Moy Hall. All over Scotland there will be much entertaining.

At Dunrobin the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland will have a succession of parties. The Duke and Duchess of York will probably go on there after their visit to Lord and Lady Strathmore at Glamis. There is not much sport in the immediate neighbourhood of Dunrobin, and for stalking the guests are motored over to Loch Choire, where they can also get fly-fishing and grouse.

Another house of great hospitality in the far North of Scotland is Langwell, in Caithness, where the Duchess of Portland is an ideal hostess. The house is miles away from a station, but everything is so well done that it might be next door to Fortnum and Mason's. And if you don't want to shoot or fish there is a golf course, where the Duke keeps a professional—the kindest touch of hospitality.

Coming south, another Scottish hostess is the Duchess of Buccleuch, who entertains both at Drumlanrig Castle—where there is good deer-stalking and grouse—and at Bowhill, which has excellent grouse and partridge-shooting.

The Duchess of Atholl will entertain at Dunkeld, the other Atholl place, Blair Castle, having been let to an American, Mr. Aksel de Wichfeldt, who rented it last year. On Deeside Lady Glentanar and her son, Lord Glentanar, always have delightful parties at Forest of Glen Tanar. Lord Glentanar's two sisters, the Marchioness of Douro and the Hon. Mrs. Adams, and their husbands, will be staying with them.

Drummond Castle is one of the most beautifully situated houses in Scotland, and has a magnificent Italian garden. Here the Countess of Ancaster dispenses the same kindly hospitality that she does in Lincolnshire. At Kinnaird Castle, near Brechin, the Countess of Southesk will have her eldest son, Lord Carnegie, and Princess Maud with her. In addition to other sports, Kinnaird also provides capercailzie shooting. Another great Scottish hostess is Viscountess Cowdray, whose entertaining at Dunecht is on the most princely and lavish scale. Then there are the Marchioness of Graham in Arran, Baroness Burton at Dochfour, and the Duchess of Norfolk at Kinharvie, the place in Dumfriesshire she inherited from her father, Lord Herries. Mrs. Arthur Sassoon will be at Tulchan Lodge, which is beautifully situated above the Spey. King Edward used to be an annual visitor at

(Continued on page 560)

Photograph *Central Press*
MRS. CO[illegible]ON, MR. CHARLES BARING AND MAJOR HUNLOKE

Photograph *Central Press*
THE HON. DUDLEY WARD AND HIS CHILDREN

Photograph *Central Press*
ON BOARD
The Hon. Gilbert Johnstone and his party, which includes Mrs. Johnstone, her two sons, Mark and Felix, Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox and Miss Susan Head

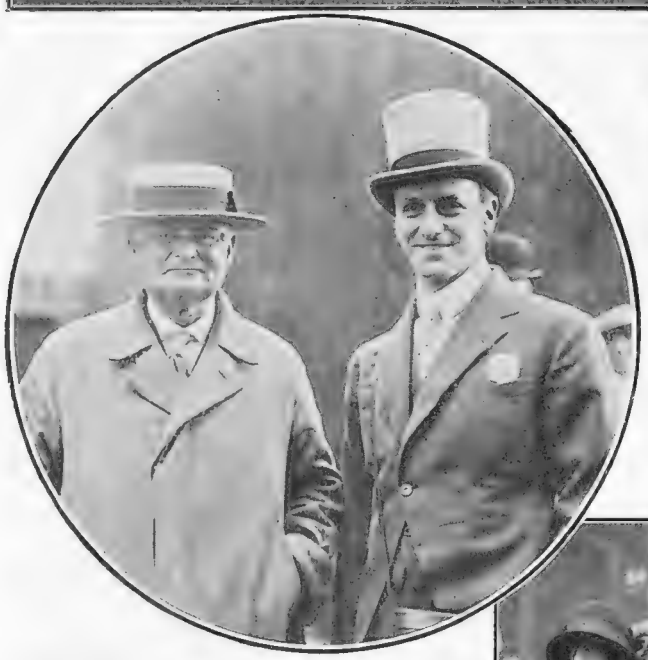
Photograph *Topical*
MRS. CYRIL POTTER
On the Royal Yacht Squadron landing stage

Some of the many folk who are now indulging in an admirable Cowes Week-ness. The week promises to be the fullest and gayest since the little affair with the Kaiser interrupted it nine years ago. With everyone down from Goodwood most of the large houses in and around the town are the scenes of gay parties and merrymaking. There is also some yacht racing

Photograph *Hutchinson and Russell*

THE ROYAL HOUSE-PARTY AT GOODWOOD HOUSE

Back row: Sir Charles Cust (left), Lord Spencer, Col. Clive Wigram, Miss Cotterell, Lord Sefton, Lady Cavan, Lord Molyneux, H.M. The King, Lady Violet Brassey, Sir Leonard Brassey, the Earl of Jersey, Lord Durham, Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, the Duke of Northumberland, Captain Greer, Brig.-Gen. C. Trotter, Col. E. Gibbs, Col. Maitland. Front row (left to right): Lady Helena Gibbs, the Countess of Jersey, Lady Meux, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, Lady Spencer, the Duke of Richmond, H.M. The Queen, the Duchess of Northumberland, Lord Lonsdale, the Earl of Cavan, Lady Minto, Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox. Seated in front: Master Richard Gordon-Lennox and Lord Inverclyde



Photograph *Sport and General*

"BIG WINNER"

M. Pierre Wertheimer (right) the owner of Epinard, the horse which so easily won the Stewards' Cup, and Mr. E. Leigh who trained the winner in France

Tulchan, and King George has likewise stayed there.

Shootings

SHOOTINGS in Scotland have let very well this year. Lord Belper has taken Glenkingie, which is considered one of the best stalking grounds in the Highlands, and gives about forty stags. Lord Furness has taken Affrie, which gives eighty stags. Sir Algernon Firth has again taken Cluny Castle, in Inverness-shire, and Lady Evelyn Cobbold will shoot over Glencarron, in Ross-shire, which she has recently bought from Lord Wimborne. Lady Portsmouth has let the Guisachan Forest; the Countess of Cromartie has let Castle Leod, and The Mackintosh will have a tenant for Coignafearn, in Inverness-shire. A goodly number of shootings this year have American tenants.

Some of the shootings have been taken by parties of friends on the co-operative principle, each of their wives acting as hostesses for part of the time. This co-operative plan works very pleasantly for the fortunate man who knows all the members of the party, since it may mean an invitation to the same house under the rule of each hostess instead of only one.

Lady Cunard and the Tate

THERE'S a pretty how d'ye do between Lady Cunard and the Tate Gallery. Some little time ago, Lady Cunard offered the Gallery a portrait by Sir John Lavery of his wife. The trustees refused the offer, although they had only one work by the painter. Lady Cunard considers this picture an "inferior one," and the portrait of Lady Lavery to be one of the best Sir John has ever done. She is so indignant over the whole matter that she has resigned her associate-membership of the Tate Gallery, to which she has been most generous.

Lady Cunard has spoken her mind emphatically on what she believes to be the reasons for this refusal, so probably we shall hear more of the matter.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

ARRIVING AT GOODWOOD

Sir Walter Gilbey walking to the course at Goodwood with Lord Woolavington's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald. Mr. P. P. Gilpin, the well-known trainer, is seen in the right background

The Duke of Orléans

ALL sorts of rumours have been flying about concerning the health of the Duke of Orléans. Doubtless to put an end to conjectures, a newspaper representative was allowed to take a peep at the Duke in the villa in which he is living temporarily at Roehampton. The medical report is that he has been suffering from malaria.

The Duke of Orléans has never relinquished the hope of one day ascending the throne of France. He is the representative of the old Bourbon kings, and, consequently, regarded as the rightful King of France by the Legitimist party.

But there is a Napoleonic party, too, whose hopes are fixed on Prince Napoleon. So if it ever came to the question of France returning to a monarchical Government—which does not seem probable — there would be an embarrassment of choice between the Legitimists and the Bonapartists.

Photograph *Central News*

WATCHING THE POLO IN COWDRAY PARK

The polo tournament held in Cowdray Park, Midhurst, the seat of the Hon. Weetman Harold Pearson, is one of the chief social events of Goodwood Week. An annual fixture, it is always brilliantly attended

There is, however, another party which inclines to the son of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clementine of Belgium, since he represents both sides, his mother being a descendant of the Orléans family and his father the Napoleonic *prétendant*.

Since the Duke of Orléans sold Wood Norton he has lived chiefly in Brussels.

A Point of Law

An interesting point arises in the Russell divorce case. Whatever the result of the appeal to the House of Lords may be, the legitimacy of Mrs. Russell's child will not be affected. That question can only be decided after the death of Lord Ampthill and his son, because in English law no action can be brought to declare a child illegitimate. When a child is in succession to a property or a title, action can be taken to prove whether it is the rightful heir or not, but only when the succession falls due. In the Russell case, therefore, if such an action is ever taken, it will be, humanly speaking, many years hence.

Photograph] **ON THE POLO FIELD** *[Central News*

Spectators at the tournament held in Cowdray Park, Midhurst. (Left) Mrs. Bulteel, Lord Dalmeny, Lady Wilton (Mrs. Bulteel's sister), and Brig.-Gen. Claude Champion de Crespigny, C.B., C.M.G.

Photograph *Alfieri*

COWDRAY'S HOST AND HOSTESS

The Hon. Weetman Harold Pearson and Mrs. Pearson. Mrs. Pearson is a daughter of the late Lord Edward Spencer-Churchill

"Perpetuation of Evidence"

If Mrs. Russell loses her appeal to the House of Lords, proceedings similar to those in the famous Poulett case will doubtless be taken—proceedings "for the perpetuation of evidence." That was a curious case.

The sixth Earl Poulett when a young man of twenty-two—the year of grace being 1849—married the daughter of a Portsmouth pilot. Six months after the marriage a son was born. Lord Poulett (then Mr. Poulett) denied parentage, and the mother ultimately confessed he was not the father.

The son, although repudiated by Lord Poulett when he grew up, called himself Viscount Hinton—the Poulett title for the eldest son. I remember seeing him at Portsmouth many years ago, perambulating the streets with a piano-organ, on which was

fixed a big board setting out that he was Viscount Hinton, and the rightful heir to the Poulett earldom.

In consequence of this claim, Lord Poulett, who had married twice after the death of his first wife, the pilot's daughter, and had a son by his third wife, brought proceedings for the "perpetuation of evidence." This was in 1884, thirty-five years after his first marriage, and a year after the birth of the son of his third marriage.

Lord Poulett died fifteen years after these proceedings. Then the peerage became dormant and continued so for four years. His son by the third marriage claimed the title; so did the repudiated son.

Photograph] A ST. MARGARET'S WEDDING *[Keystone*

The Hon. Thomas Brand, eldest son of Viscount Hampden, and his bride. Mrs Brand is, Leila, the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Frank Seely, and a niece of Sir Charles Seely

Photograph *Alfieri*

LOOKING "PLEASANT PLEASE"

Lieut.-Col. E. R. Peal, C.B.E., D.S.C., and his bride, Miss Kathleen Kirwan, after their wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride is the only daughter of Col. B. R. Kirwan, C.B., C.M.G.

There was a law-suit. The evidence at the perpetuation proceedings was produced, and in the end the Committee for Privileges decided in favour of the son of the third marriage, who became the seventh Earl Poulett. He married a daughter of Fred Storey, the famous Gaiety comedian, and died on active service in the War.

The Prince's Horses

LAST week the Prince of Wales's sixteen polo ponies left their summer quarters at Ranelagh for Devonshire, where they will be stabled until next season. Later on the Prince's hunters will be taken from the same place to Leicestershire, where the Prince will hunt during the coming season. The Prince seems to have the intention to give each "country" a turn, a compliment which will be much appreciated.

A New Theme

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE, the aunt of the youthful Lord De La Warr, has found a new theme in poetry. In her last book of poems, just published, there are some epitaphs which might have been taken from old tombstones. Here are two:

Though life was good,
I find sleep best;
Even happy things
Have need of rest.

Year out, year in, I took my daily pleasure
In ways serene beyond the common measure,
So was the more surprised when suddenly
Death (whom I scarce believed in) sprung on me.

Helping the Entente

ALL you who have kitchen gardens can help a work which has been going on quietly and practically unnoticed in France since the War. This is help given to the repatriated peasants in the devastated regions of France. Everybody who served out there, and everybody who has visited those scarred miles of country, will realise the difficulties the peasants have to face when they begin to re-establish their ruined gardens. They have no tools, no plants, no seeds. The Garden League for Devastated France (Le Jardin de la France Devastée) comes to their help. It has already given more than a thousand implements, large quantities of vegetable seeds, medicinal and other plants, and over a thousand fruit trees. In addition to this the League has helped two hundred and fifty school gardens. Without its aid many gardens would still be in a state of ruin.

The French peasant depends upon his garden for his food to a far greater extent than his English fellows; the gardens in the devastated regions will be a lasting memorial of British sympathy. So you who can spare vegetable seeds, medicinal plants, and young fruit trees would be doing a national as well as a personal service if you would write to the honorary secretary, Miss Helen Colt, at 31, Upper Berkeley Street, W.1., who will give you all particulars. And if you have no seeds or plants remember money will always buy them, as well as garden implements.

OUR TITLE COMPETITION

THE WINNING TITLE
and full list of Prize Winners
will appear in our next issue

Some Scottish Hostesses

Photograph *Bassano*

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH

Who will entertain large family parties at Drumlanrig and Bowhill

Photograph *Bertram Park*

THE COUNTESS OF ANCASTER

Who makes Drummond Castle a delightful centre of hospitality

Photograph *Bassano*

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK

The hostess at Kinharvie, which she inherited from her father, Lord Herries

Photograph *Bertram Park*

VISCOUNTESS COWDRAY

The *châtelaine* of Dunecht, famous for its princely entertaining

No invitations are so highly prized as those from Scottish hostesses, and this year all the great houses will again be filled for grouse-shooting, deer-stalking and the various Highland gatherings. In fact, the great migration northward has already begun, and preparations are well advanced for the approach of that outstanding milestone on the social highway—"The Twelfth"

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

A VETERAN AND A RECRUIT

Lord Ivor Churchill, who is a comparatively recent recruit to the ranks of owners, talking to his jockey, Freddy Fox

Not so Glorious

"WHERE is the man who wrote about 'glorious' Goodwood? I'd just like to have a word with him now!" That was the sort of remark you heard on the afternoon of the Stewards' Cup when, just before the first race, the rain was coming down in a veritable deluge. Anything less glorious than the conditions at that moment could not be imagined. People rushed helter-skelter for cover, and only the bravest spirits ventured into the ring to make a bet on the Ham Stakes. It was a wretched beginning to what should be one of the most delightful meetings of the whole racing season. Happily there was an improvement later on, but just after the final race the deluge came on again, and added to the discomforts of getting away from the course.

Bravo, Epinard

WE shall long remember the afternoon by reason of the victory of Epinard in the Stewards' Cup. He made important new racing history by scoring under a record weight for a three-year-old. It was a magnificent performance to win under 8 st. 6 lb., but he got home so comfortably that I think another 7 lb. in the saddle would not have stopped him. Epinard proved himself one of the champions of his age, and I expect it will be long before we see another three-year-old win this race under such a burden. The enthusiasm of the little party of Frenchmen who had come to see him run was tremendous. And there was every excuse for it. Not only had Epinard accomplished a performance which will live long in racing history, but he had landed an enormous stake for his backers.

Photograph *G. P. U.*

FRANCE POCKETS THE STEWARDS' CUP

Epinard, the French horse owned by M. Pierre Wertheimer, gained an easy victory in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. Starting a hot favourite, Epinard had matters all his own way, and is regarded by many as the Mumtaz Mahal of France

A Jolt for the Ring

NOT often has the ring sustained so nasty a jolt as they received on this occasion. The commission for Epinard started at odds of 20 to 1, and shorter prices were eagerly accepted until he ultimately became one of the warmest Stewards' Cup favourites on record. You will recall that last year it was "10 to 1 the field" for this race, and the raging favouritism of the French colt was in marked contrast to our usual experiences in this popular sprint. After the race many people were endeavouring to estimate how much money the Frenchmen had taken out of the ring. Put it down at £50,000 and you will not be very wide of the mark. This is a great coup in these days of comparatively light betting, yet we cannot begrudge the Frenchmen their triumph. One thing can be said: they made not the slightest secret of their supreme confidence in Epinard, and a large proportion of the British racing public shared in their genuine triumph.

Knight of the Garter

ONE disappointing feature of the early stages of the racing at Goodwood was the downfall of the King's colt, Knight of the Garter. I was hopeful that this youngster would train on into a real smasher, and perhaps revive the glories of the Royal colours in the classic races. But after his display last week I fear that Knight of the Garter will not be good enough for the Derby next year. True, he had a formidable weight-carrying task in the Richmond Stakes, and it will probably be shown later in the season that he was taking on something really big in endeavouring to concede 15 lb. to Lord Derby's smart filly Halcyon. I must confess, however, that I thought the King's colt would be seen to better advantage at Goodwood. Saltash did all that was expected of him in the Gratwicke Stakes, and it now seems practically certain that he will be the Manton stable's best representative in the St. Leger. I hear that Parth is doing very well in his preparation for that race, while Papyrus has now resumed more strenuous work. The latter's trainer assures me that there is nothing wrong with the Derby winner.

Brighton Cup

THIS week the "Sussex fortnight" is being continued at Brighton and Lewes. The Brighton Cup on Wednesday offers a knotty problem. We have not seen D'Orsay since he went to Paris to run in the Grand Prix. On his best form Mrs. Whitburn's colt would certainly have to be reckoned with in this race. One of the picks of the handicaps is assuredly **Double Up**, and I shall make him my selection. The Brighton Handicap on the following day may go to the same owner with Tornaveen or Kepplestone.

"The Jocks"

BY HELEN McKIE

There are ten Scots regiments—five Highland ones in the kilt and five Lowland in tartan trews, with kilted pipers. The Highlanders are the Black Watch, Seaforths, Gordons, Camerons, and Argyll and Sutherlands. The Lowland regiments are the Royal Scots (1st Foot), Royal Scots Fusiliers, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), King's Own Scottish Borderers, and Highland Light Infantry

"NEVER A BITE"

By J. H. Thorpe

Thorpe says that the title applies equally well to the angler and to the tobacco he's smoking, which is of course "Three Nuns."

It's the coolness and heavenly fragrance of this good tobacco that accounts for the smile on the face of the fisherman—despite an empty creel.

THREE NUNS

TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings :—1-oz. Packets, 1/2 ; 2-oz. Tins, 2/4 ; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow

A FIRST IMPRESSION

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

"Look here," said the Editor, suddenly, "have you ever been to Scotland?"

"N-n-no," I said, cautiously (for there was a drop of Scottish blood somewhere in my veins). "Not that I know of."

"Good!" said the Editor. "Well, I want you to run up to Scotland and to write me your first impression of Edinburgh for our Scottish Number. You'd better go at once; you've just time to catch the night express."

Now, my knowledge of Scotland was strictly limited to what I had gathered from the pages of *Wee McGreegor* and from a "Nicht wi' Burns" that I had once attended by mistake, and I felt at a loss as to how I was going to make myself understood upon my arrival in the Scottish capital. However, I am, fortunately, quick at picking up foreign languages, so stuffing a copy of Burns' poems (with an excellent glossary) into my pocket, I packed a suit-case and arrived at King's Cross just in time to secure a seat in the 10.20 p.m. Aberdeen express.

All through the night I studied my glossary, repeating the harder words over and over to myself, and making handy phrases which I thought might come in useful. Edinburgh at last—to my surprise a big, well-built station (quite as civilised-looking as Waterloo itself) and not a kilt to be seen! A porter opened the door, and I handed him my suit-case.

"Aiblins," said I, "ye'll tak' tent o' the gear, ma mannie, whiles Ah gang an' claut masel' a bittie."

This, I was pretty confident, was good braid Scots for "Perhaps you'll look after my luggage while I go and have a wash and brush up," but to my annoyance the fellow simply stared at me.

"Hoots, mon!" I cried, angrily, "dinna staund chitterin' there, ye doited gaberlunzie! Ah've had a dreich journey the nicht and am sair forjeskit forbye, sae nane o' yer girnin' clishmaclavers, or, dei'l tak' me, Ah'll mak' sic a braw collieshangie in Enburgh toon, as wull gar ye greet, ye muckle thrawn cuif!"

Now I was prepared to guarantee every one of these words from my glossary, and was, indeed, rather pleased with the fearless fluency with which I had uttered them. The man, however, merely scratched his head, stared stupidly at me, and at last signalled to an official with a gold-braided cap.

This only made me angrier.

"Awa' wi' ye, ye bletherin' feckless chuffie!" I cried, "Whit's wrang wi' ye? Hech, mon! dinna glow'r as if Ah wis speirin' at ye in a frammit tongue? Aye! an' dinna fash yersel' tae ca' yon buskit gowk tae help ye, for ye ken brawly ilka thing Ah've said. Tak tent o' the gear noo and Ah'll see ye get a richt guid wullie wacht for auld lang syne, and mebbe a saxpence tae yersel' forbye!"

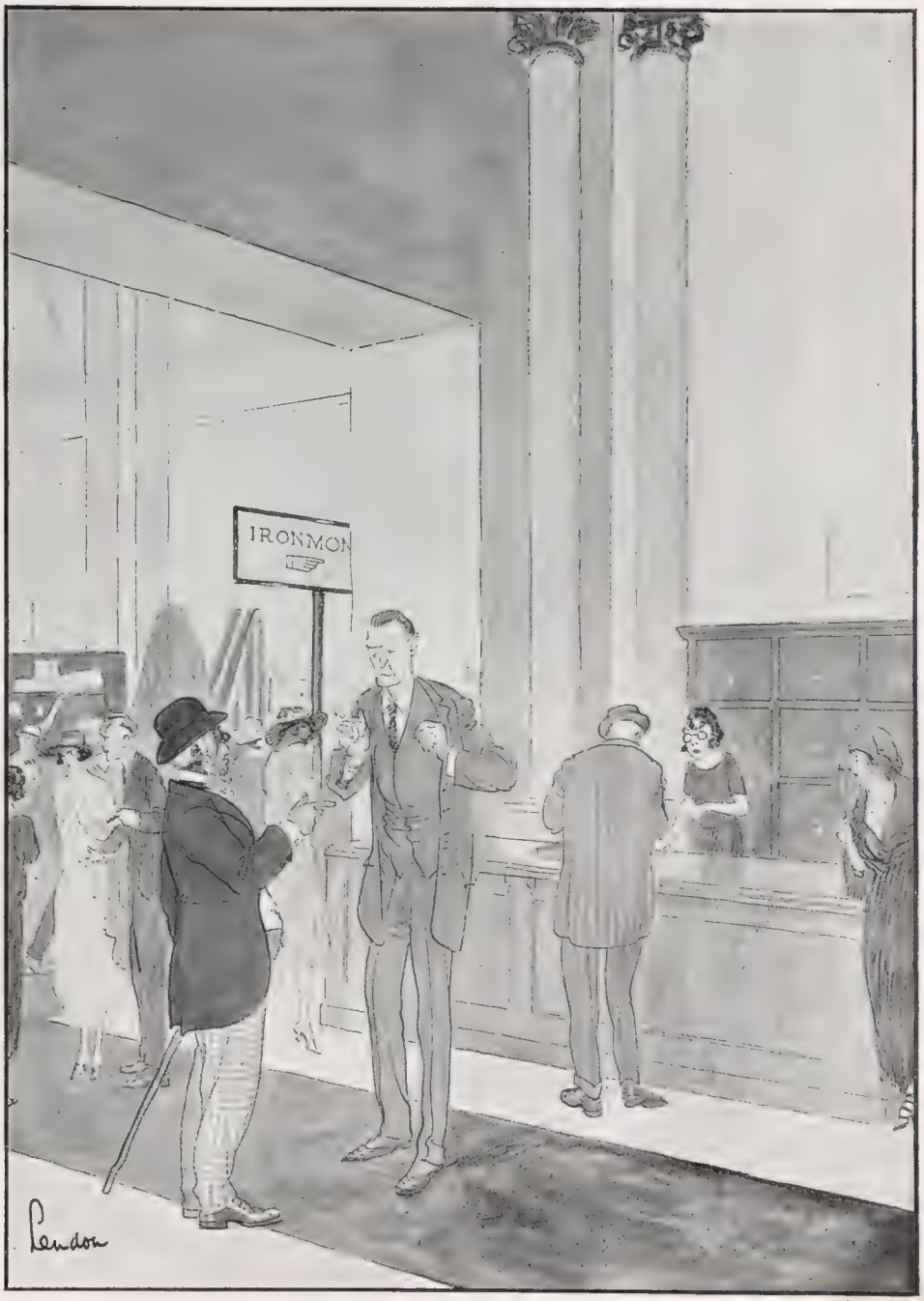
Still the silly ass only stared, and forgetting myself for a moment, I relapsed into English. "Look here, my good chap," I said, "don't you know your own language? Where the h—ll were you born?"

A broad and friendly smile spread over his face.

"Ah! now you're *talking*, guv'nor!" he said. "Blimey if I didn't think you was some blinkin' furriner! I've only bin 'ere two days. 'Olloway's where I come from."

. . . .

Well, the Editor particularly asked me for my *first* impression of Edinburgh, but as this is a family paper I don't feel prepared to enlarge upon it—even with the aid of my Burns' glossary.



THOSE INSULAR HABITS! By Lendon

Scot (*in American store*): "I'm wantin' a combination pocket knife—and it must have a corkscrew attached"

Sport Among the Banks and Braes

A BITE!

Lady Violet Astor playing a fish from the stern of her boat whilst angling on the Tay with Lady Maidstone

Photographs *Sport and General*

A WELL-EARNED REST

No light task awaits the stalker who follows the deer within sight of the misty mountains of Skye. Our picture shows a party taking a breather after a stiff climb among the rugged mountains of Ross-shire. (Inset) Lady Ward trolling from mid-stream on the river Tay

NIGHT LIGHTS

No. VI.—THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"At the Metropole"

STRICTLY speaking, the Follies is not a dance club, because it draws its thousand patrons from the great public of London *en gros*, and not from duly elected club members *en détail*, as do the other places. This apologia is to disarm lynx-eyed BYSTANDER critics, competitors, and the nebulous enemy or two we are sometimes told about, but never meet.

You wander into the hotel lounge at the Metropole before dinner and see the great American nation sitting about placidly expectant. You know it is the American nation because its jaws are moving rhythmically, almost in time with the distant music. It is a catching habit. But having no gum you order a cocktail as the next best thing. I asked an American friend the other night to have a cocktail. His *staccato* reply was: "No, *sir*. I come from a wet country. Doctor's ordered me to quit all that this trip."

You find yourself sitting down to dinner in the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs in an atmosphere of sombre hotel stateliness. This, maybe, because you have had nothing but a sandwich since breakfast, and require encouragement. This soon arrives. For when you glance up at the roof you find you are sitting under a gorgeous turquoise-blue sunset with scudding golden clouds. The lights are encased in enormous pink silk flowers. The glow of them spreads upwards to the marvellously painted sky. Beneath, the light is slightly, but cunningly, subdued. It hits nobody anywhere. This accounts, probably, for the dazzling smile of appreciation from the woman opposite you as she unfolds her napkin. This room is very popular with women. You, naturally, would prefer that they played a searchlight upon her face all evening, the better that you might study the glory of it. But she has other views. Very curious.

"London is really *rather* a beautiful place." This while they are serving you with *Madriléne Glacé en Tasse*, after the *Cantaloup Frappé au Kummel*. Things are looking up. And you look up again. Diners in this room, which reminds me, in shape, of a flat-iron, are presented with a different picture every time they glance about them.

> And there was colour, COLOUR, COLOUR
> Calling, calling.
> Rich as tulips,
> Very various . . . .

I am afraid I said something of this sort one night here; and she told me I was getting quite poetical (so would you). She told me other things, amid the feast of later colours in the ballroom. But that is entirely my affair. And continually throughout the whisperingly intimate meal the *Chef d'Orchestre*, Colombo, smiles his welcoming smile over his violin bridge at our table, as if we were the only people in the world who mattered.

You will dine excellently. You may dance even better thereafter. But the outstanding impression left on your sated dance-club mind next day will be the bath of beautiful colour in which you have been dipped. There must be few things more difficult for a decorator than to take a great barrack of a room and transform it, without touching the structure, into a palace of dance, where you catch your breath sharply on entering with the loveliness of it all. Ashley Tabb did, with a sweeping brush. He has the gay eye. Come and look at his handiwork.

Jade-green pillars sweeping upwards to a great cream roof, picked out again in jade lace. The orchestra sitting in a deep blue alcove flanked by two pale orange lamps. Extreme decorum and the austereness of unemotional Britain seems the keynote—until you glance at

the strings of hand-painted silk lanterns swung across the room. They imply "We should love to if we dared; but h'sh! remember the London County Council has its eye on us, now, as always. Please be good." Certain of these silk lanterns disturbed me not a little the other night. Particularly one, pink and blue, with a black figure of a woman painted on it. A woman who stretched arms out to me coaxingly: I, who was on duty for my remorseless Editor, and had brought no dancing partner—only the man, without illusions, who draws these pictures. The irony of it. Another, the green face of a man, who grinned sardonically at me, knowing all my past life.

This is the place, you will remember, that had all the trouble about its licensing. It was frequently buoyed up with hope that grim Authority would consent to allow its patrons to go to bed when they liked, and not when the L.C.C. chose; such fantastic hope being dashed to the ground when the cup of innocent pleasure was at the lip. Archaic legislation, the mental attitude of 1850, says, "Oh dear no!" But why choose a place like this? I will tell you. Because it started a cabaret show; and the word cabaret to the untravelled Englishman implies all sorts of dreadful things: the other sex playing the name part. Personally, this is the place I shall choose to bring an aunt of mine from Wiltshire, who desires to probe into the reason of all my late nights. She will go back to bed, her mind at peace, and she will exhibit their gala night favours all over the county.

But has such fatuity ever been surpassed? I imagine lugubrious Authority must have culled its impressions from the programme, left on the seat of a taxi.

"Some of The Midnight Follies"

The programme certainly *sounds* rather so-so in parts. A lady is down to sing about Zwadir ("the god of Passions"). Though obviously a worshipper of strange gods, she is quite a nice girl really, and will grow out of it, poor darling. Also, the "wigs, shoes and hose are by Berman." "There you are, *hose*. You see? What did I tell you?" Can't you *hear* them?

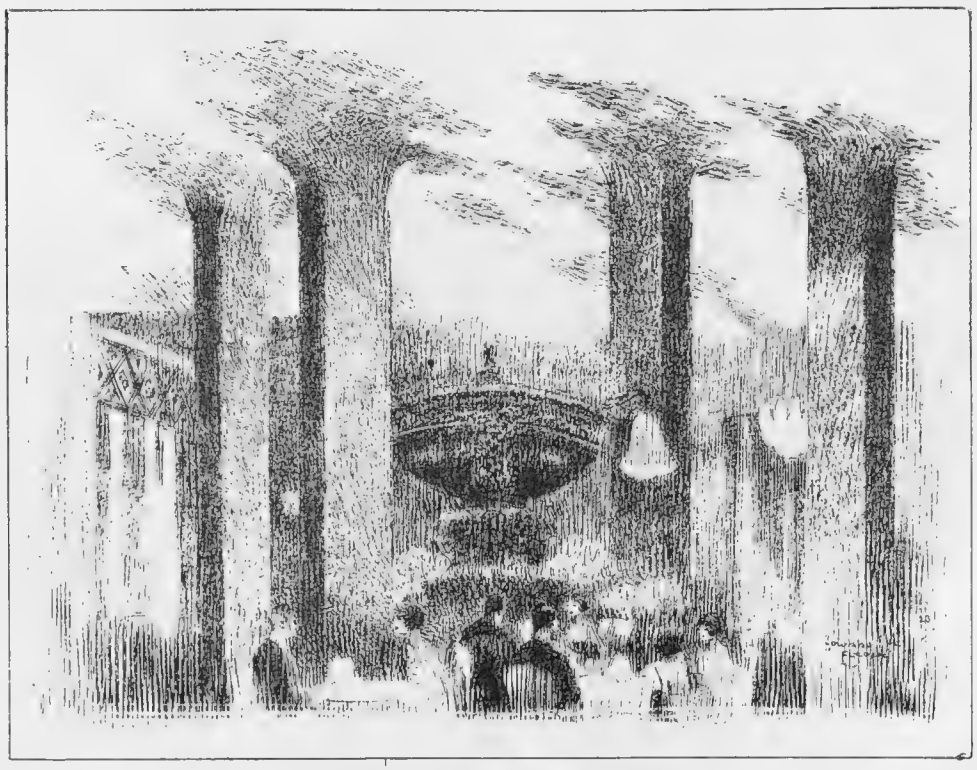
As a matter of cold fact, the cabaret show is a *pot-pourri* of excellent music-hall lighting and effects, and that is all.

The artist says your food and drink is affected by colouring. Perhaps he is right. Anyway, he gets you "all het up," as the Americans say, and you order the wine that bubbles, as a matter of immediate need. You must have it. You are being tuned up by those wickedly innocent banjuleles in the orchestra, and the wealth of colour. And at midnight, when Folly reigns supreme, you dive into the joyful maelstrom head first.

I say head first because there is a superfluous notice posted up in the hotel about ladies not coming in here wearing hats. But the Management, going back on themselves, begin to distribute, at the hands of nymphs in Paul Poiret frocks of flame colour (very trying!) paper hats of every colour, size and shape to the ladies, each successive hat more carefully calculated to upset the equilibrium of my sex than the last. A fierce swopping among the women begins. They resort to their favourit pastime of "trying on" paper creations of great beauty. This really is not fair, seeing that we are served out (as a foil to the rapier thrusts from mocking eye with the white cabbage leaf affair in vogue among gouty cricket umpires. I noticed one man, a dignitary, the sor of person, don't you know, whose lady secretary says frigidly on the telephone:

"Sir William Wangler can see you for a few minutes at 11 on Thursday." He, highly favoured, and squirming at the cabbage-leaf hat, had "acquired," as such men do acquire the good things of life, the little hat that the organ-grinder's monkey is addicted to. It perched precariously on a few hairs of his heavily insured head. He was as pleased as Punch about the whole business. And he is known throughout the Midlands as a Prince of Business. I hungered for the presence of the junior clerk in his Manchester office, just for a minute!

Ashby Tabb says he can bring colour and gaiety into a City teashop. I don't doubt it. I only know that he deprived me of a good night's rest one night. I had to smoke eternal cigarettes at my open window while the shy dawn climbed the ladder of the East. I had those brilliant jade-green pillars dreadfully on my mind, and — er — someone who sat near one of them, with her bronze hair, and—and everything. . . .



"The light is slightly, but cunningly, subdued"

"Bonnie Prince Charlie" on the Films

BETWEEN THE "SHOOTS"

A rest for well-earned refreshment during the filming of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" on the Isle of Arran. Mr. Ivor Novello, who plays the name-part, is seen second from the left

Photographs *Central News*

LOVERS IMMORTALISED IN SCOTTISH STORY

On the left, Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald (Miss Gladys Cooper) after making good their escape from the enemies of the Young Pretender. (Right) The tense moment when the lovers sight the vessel that will carry them to France and safety

By "JINGLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL

Produced on May 31, 1923

THE feature of this lively entertainment is the sprightly dancing of Mr. Fred Astaire and his sister, Adele. In the announcements referring to the production in the public Press I have read: "Fred and Adele Astaire should attract all London. They are!" I think the genial writer means they do, or they will, or something of that sort. Certainly, these hilarious young people seem to know all there is to know about dancing, and they partner each other admirably. They do not take themselves so seriously as do most speciality dancers, and there is, therefore, a corresponding gain in the enjoyment of the spectator.

A REQUEST to the ladies to stop flirting can only have been made by an incurable optimist. I have always understood that that is what the ladies are for. In the particular case referred to in this play, it may, perhaps, be admitted that the touching appeal is at least justified, even if it doesn't do any good. Vivian Marsden, for instance, daintily represented by Miss Marjorie Gordon, flirts on the wholesale system. Although she is engaged to marry Perry Reynolds she has nods and becks and wreathed smiles for at least half a dozen other men; and there is one occasion at least on which two of them put an arm round her simultaneously. I suppose to the average flapper such a state of affairs must be simply heaven. It gives the young lady the erroneous idea that she has a distinctive charm above all the other girls, though, I suppose, if we could look deep down into the heart of wayward man, we should find it not so guileless as some suppose. 'Twas ever thus!

I THINK if I were running a popular paper for the million I would start a little controversy on the topic: "Should Engaged Girls Flirt?" It would be so interesting to know the other side of the question. But I have just remembered that this is to be a Scottish number of our illuminating journal, and I wadna—I mean, of course, I would not—like to have it thought that I am a merely frivolous person by the Caledonians stern and wild. So I return to my theme. Perry Reynolds is represented by Mr. Jack Melford, who has a clearer sense of humour than most heroes of musical comedy, and gets in this way more laughs out of his lines than they would be likely to provoke unaided. Reynolds is extraordinarily patient with his flirtful *fiancée*. There are times when he cannot even see her for the wall of frivolous men around her, although she has promised that to him alone she means to be true. But then, as the old query has it, What is Truth? The modern young lady's version of the answer would come, I fancy, as a shock to the severer querists.

IN his despair at being unable to monopolise Vivian's charming society, Reynolds goes to his legal adviser for help. I think he would have been wiser if he had consulted his grandmother. The old lady would probably know things about the business that a lawyer could not guess in three tries. The advice he gets is that he should make it appear that he has gone and drowned himself. Vivian then, it is presumed, will be so upset that she will suffer pangs of remorse for having, as it were, flirted him off the map. Then, on his happy return to life, she will avoid all other male society for the future and have no eyes but for him.

THE programme as it is sketched out, is as convincing as a company prospectus before they have got your money. But you never can tell. One proverb tells us that absence makes the heart grow fonder, while another teaches us that out of sight is out of mind. And there is an

awful lot of loss of memory among the ladies in these adventurous days.

THE idea is that Reynolds shall go on the river in his skiff and then overturn it, swim ashore and leave the boat to tell its own story when it is observed to be trying to climb unaided over the weir. But I should myself have thought it was possible to turn a boat bottom up without first getting into it and risking a complete wetting. There is a further complication introduced by the arrival of an airman who is about to start on a record-breaking journey from here to there. The airman takes up a letter Reynolds has written to Vivian bidding her good-bye for ever. The letter is dropped, and gives Vivian the impression that Reynolds has accompanied the airman on his trip. In that case the upturned boat incident seems a little superfluous.

ADELE AND FRED ASTAIRE

HOWEVER, these details, copious as they are, don't matter a little bit. What matters is that while Reynolds is supposed to be drowned or otherwise blotted out, Vivian goes about the house singing blithely as if she were a thoroughly heartless young minx. The explanation of her behaviour is that she has seen Reynolds enter the house by the back way, and has discovered that instead of occupying a watery grave he is simply gorging himself with cold viands in an adjoining room.

IN due course Reynolds appears on the scene with the appearance of a man who is soaked from head to foot. This is a standing dish with experienced comedians who want to raise an extra laugh; but it is only fair to Mr. Jack Melford to say that he garnishes the dish with welcome humour of his own, and makes the apparition of dem'd, damp, moist unpleasantness quite an amusing feature of the scene. But it would seem as if the humour of musical comedy must always be kept down to a line of its own. Thus, while Reynolds is hiding behind a curtain, the butler lays a table for a quick lunch. While his back is turned, Reynolds reaches out and seizes the loaf of bread, and then the bottle of wine, replacing the latter a few moments later with a returned empty. This little manœuvre, combined with the butler's puzzled expression at the inexplicable goings-on, set the house in a roar of laughter; but in any other but a musical play it would hardly, I think, pass as standard humour.

HENRY KENDALL AND JACK MELFORD

THE Astaires not only dance gracefully and nimbly, but they sing duets very amusingly. Mr. Henry Kendal and Miss Mimi Crawford have a very charming duet about meeting someone like you or like me, and there is a fine, noisy, combined effort by all the principals of the company, entitled the "Stairway to Paradise." I could not quite make out what it was all about, but there was a lot of it, and it aroused the house to a proper state of enthusiasm. The show as a whole is a happy mixture of tunefulness and fun, and the Astaires certainly provide an extra novelty for this form of entertainment which is very pleasing. I have just remembered again that this is our Scotch Number, so that I will explain to my brithers—I should say brothers—from the North that if they pay this theatre a visit they will find they have had their money's worth. I do not think I could give the play, from their point of view, a higher recommendation than that.

JINGLE

MARJORIE GORDON AND JACK MELFORD

DOGS OF SCOTLAND

CANINE NOTES AND NEWS FROM THE NORTH

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

BONNIE SCOTLAND claims to be as rich as any country in the world (*a*) in really fine Dogs, and (*b*) in keen doggy enthusiasts. She certainly is not enjoying less than her share in that post-war doggy renaissance which now amounts to a boom in Dogdom.

The fortieth Championship Show of the Scottish Kennel Club will be held in Edinburgh (Waverley Market) on the 5th and 6th of next month (Secretary, D. E. Wallace, 37, Melville Street, Edinburgh), and promises to beat all the Club's previous records. The Bulldog Club's Show in Glasgow yesterday is described as "an unqualified success." If arrangements for the Inverness Show are allowed to fall through, Highland fanciers will be disappointed, and so will a good many visitors to the North. The recently formed Clydebank and District Canine Club is to give its first Show on the 18th of this month, and looks like being well supported. Scots Dog judges are popular among serious fanciers and breeders, as being shrewd, deliberate, and thorough.

In the same way that many of the Dogs most favoured in other parts are Scots by origin or association, so in the Land o' Cakes I have found Dogs peculiarly associated with England, and with Ireland, very much to the fore—Bulldogs, Irish Terriers and Airedales, for example, to look no farther. As for the Scots Dogs favoured in England, the list is too long for setting forth here, including many others besides Collies, Deerhounds, Dandies, Cairns, West Highlanders, and that hardy, low-set, keen-eyed little sportsman whose human friends are the majority in every land: the Scottish Terrier. Like all the big Breeds, the Deerhound was hard hit by the War period, and, like most of them—Irish Wolfhounds being a pleasing exception—recovery is proving a slower process than with the small varieties.

Among the less well-known Scottish Breeds, that extremely vigorous worker among miniatures, the Shetland Sheepdog, has established something of a vogue since the cataclysm of '14-'18; and, from all accounts, there is a vogue coming for the Scottish Bearded Collie. Some Auld Reekie fanciers did make some effort several years ago to introduce the Bearded Collie to the Bench, but the attempt went off at half-cock. I much hope success will attend the new effort, and that prudence and discretion will wait upon the promoters; for, be it said by the mere Southron with all humility, the Scottish Bearded Collie is a worker from way-back, and his distinctive character might easily be spoiled, perhaps lost, as the result of artificial pressure in connection with exhibition. Where you find him to-day, at the heels of flock-masters in the Highlands, and, too, in the Border country, you find a rough, trusty, shaggy, serious-minded Dog, of keen intelligence and indomitable energy; a bit smaller than his Old English comrade, but tough as wire, and vital in every hair of him. His stern, carried sickle-wise, is not docked. Look to it, ye fanciers, that he be not manicured and titivated into foppishness; for Nature never meant him to be a Man-about-Town, and in that rôle he will never attract.

"Bonnie Scotland"

In a letter received from a keen Scots fancier, I find this passage worth noting:

"It does not seem to be generally known that the true Skye Terrier is as famous and hard-bitten a sport as even the Dandie Dinmont. Nothing could be keener after rabbits and rats than my Skyes. Queen Victoria was devoted to Skyes and one of hers lived into its twentieth year. The Breed has now just recovered from its war-time slump. Cairns, as I daresay you know, have multiplied their pre-war registrations by four. In fact, the Scots Breeds are thriving all round."

From now till after harvest is the great time for Sheepdog Trials, and people who want to understand canine psychology, and to learn something of the working capacity of Dogs, would be well-advised to attend them. They can be far more fascinating than any Show. The Scottish National Sheepdog Trials are fixed for the 25th of the month, at Haddington. There is a good chapter on Working Sheepdogs in Mr. W. Baskerville's admirable new book: *Show Collies and Shetland Sheepdogs.*

It's no part of my job to dispute the accepted theory that the most popular Scots anecdotes—they're generally connected with whisky, bawbees, salmon-fishing and the like—are the purely apocryphal products of Sassenach imagination; but I am assured that foreign inventiveness, Transatlantic or otherwise, plays no part in the record just received from San Francisco of a Scottish surgeon, Dr. John M'Innes, having completely mended, rehabilitated and cured an 18-months-old Terrier, who was run over by an "auto" and given up for dead. "Spot's back was broken. Two vertebrae, one in the dorsal region and one in the sacral region, had cracked under the crushing weight of the car. Beside that, Spot had suffered a compound fracture of the femur of the left hind leg." Prodeegious! It must, of course, be assumed that the patient, like the surgeon, is of Scots descent. Mon but it's gran' stock that hails from toons like Aberdeen an' Peterheid!

It's interesting to note that the autumn will bring publication of a Dog book by Major Harding Cox, of *Field* and *Chasing and Racing* fame. As one of the "experts" who really do know, his Dog book is certain to be worth while.

BY HIGGINS

PRECIOUS STONES

STALKER SPYING FOR DEER

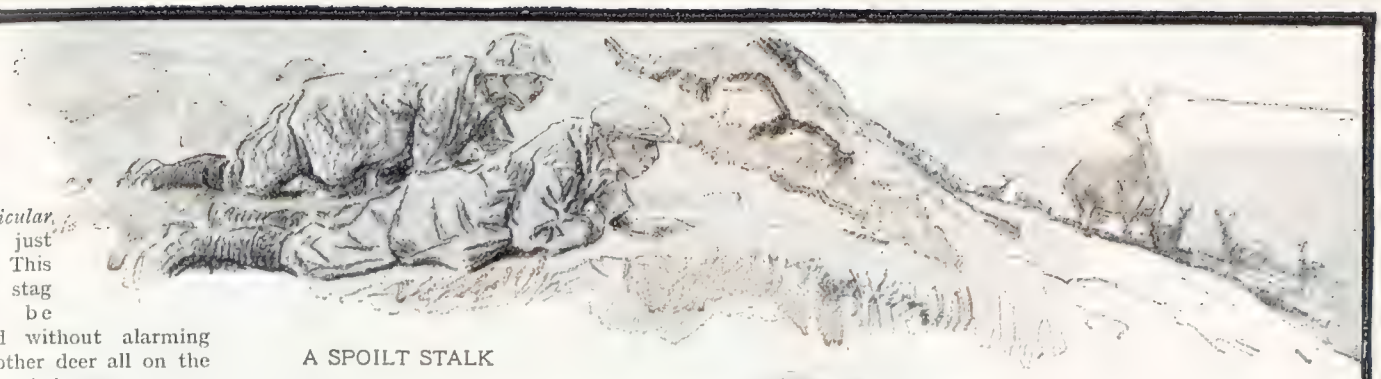
WELL GUARDED BY HIS HAREM

DEER-STALKING IN

THE sport of deer-stalking cannot, perhaps, quite come under the heading of popular sports, not because it does not contain all the elements of popularity, but because it is one of those field sports which necessitates rather a long purse. Personally, I am of opinion that Mr. Jorrocks' remark on hunting is applicable to it also, namely, "'Unting is an expensive amusement, or not, as you choose to make it"—or words to that effect. Sportsmen of an older generation are inclined, I think, to believe that deer-stalking is not so popular as it was. They say the post-war sportsman is "soft" and does not like such hard work. It certainly *is* hard work, for it necessitates climbing, walking and crawling over immense and barren rocky hills, exposure to most inclement weather (the Scotch summer being a delusion and a snare in my experience) and infinite patience. But your first stag is a memory that will remain with you always, provided, that is, you have the necessary temperament, for I have met those who were quite unaffected by the "stag fever."

THE difficulty of shooting an animal nearly as large as a bullock may not seem great, but in fact is. The red deer is exceedingly shy and wild, and owing to his exceptional sense of smell and hearing, and, to a less extent, of eyesight, is extremely difficult to approach within reasonable range of modern sporting weapons. He must have been even more so with old time rifles! My own feeling is that were there but one or two deer in a given mileage, I would guarantee in a few hours to kill both. But this is exactly the opposite to what actually happens. Deer are gregarious: your objective

THE S
or how



A SPOILT STALK

is a *particular* stag, not just any stag. This particular stag has to be approached without alarming countless other deer all on the *qui vive* for their enemy, man. Moreover, the best deer are, in the nature of things, also the most cunning, and these lords of the harem are most jealously guarded by their ever alert wives.

THE uninitiated often say, "Oh, the visitor has all his work done for him by a professional stalker, and all he has to do is obey orders." Quite so, but without the stalker comparatively few would even find the deer, and very few even on their own ground (which they know) kill many deer. The stalker lives in the forest, and he knows not only the habits of the deer, but what is more important, he has studied "the wind." And studied it even more closely than aviators do! The wind in the corries and rifts of the hills is of the most baffling description, and it requires great judgment and experience to outwit the keen nostrils of the deer when they are helped by that most changeful element. Finally, the presence of the stalker is necessary because the sportsman should think of others besides himself. He might—not knowing the ground—spoil the next beat for another guest, or drive deer over the march (boundary) into another forest, this boundary being usually more visible on the estate map than in the landscape!

IN the old days deer-hounds were used for bringing wounded animals to hand, but in these days if a dog is used at all it is a collie, which becomes extraordinarily "wise" at the work. Coolness is the great desideratum when firing at a deer, but curiously enough, the nearer you are to the deer the more apt is the beginner to be overcome with stag fever.

One of the artist's illustrations, perhaps calls for comment. It will be noted that the pony on which the deer is being placed is hooded, the stalker having thrown his jacket over its head. This is because even these Highland ponies, accustomed though they are to carrying deer, in many cases, like the majority of horses, have a strong dislike to the scent of the stag.

L. E.

GRASSED

BASSENACH
not to do it!

PUTTING THE STAG ON A PONY
(The pony is *hooded*)

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

THE HIGHLANDS

Photographs

PREPARING TO CAST

Horace W. Nicholls

A FINE THIRTEEN-POUNDER

SALMON FISHING IN THE HIGHLANDS

The Lure of Scotch Golf

BY DELL LEIGH

Illustrated by H. H. HARRIS

THE average English golfer enters into the oft recurrent conversation about golf in Scotland from two distinct angles.

Either he knows what golf is like north of the Tweed, in which case he listens tolerantly, although curbing his impatience at the Londoner's diatribe with difficulty, and proceeds to explain grandiloquently some of its wonders; or he has always wanted to play there, and has never been able to afford the railway fare, and fondly imagines it to be true that he will play at least three strokes lower than his handicap the moment he has become acclimatised.

Also, of course, the Englishman, who has played a good deal of golf in the home of the game, can always command a respectful silence in the Club House bar in the South of England. That is largely why the conversation about Scotch golf recurs so frequently in such places.

The Englishman, bereft of illusions about his game, and anxious to accept the sage advice of his betters, will come back hectic with enthusiasm for the links and all who dwell thereon. He who is a law unto himself, and is taking no advice from anyone at his time of life, will return in the same frame of mind as the young man in the Bible who had great possessions. It is always more fruitful to deal with the open-minded golfer of imagination and sensitiveness, hence his impressions after, say, a month of wandering about up there with a golf bag and a suit-case, can be whittled down to a few outstanding reminiscences that will remain with him all his life.

He will be embarrassed first of all by the multiplicity of choice. He will find at many places not one course available, but half a dozen, all equally good, all looking at first glance exactly alike. Walking cautiously about the links of his immediate choice on a Sunday morning, as a wise man should before attacking it, he will probably say to himself, "I don't see anything particularly hair-raising about this." Aspects from tee to green may remind him forcibly of such-and-such a hole down South, which is probably a poor attempt at a copy of the one he is looking at. The approach to the 6th green at So-and-so, which he has heard so much about, looks a fairly simple operation.

I am refraining purposely from mentioning any one course in Scotland, for you cannot enthuse intelligently about any particular stone in the Royal jewel case in the Tower.

But this apparent simplicity is, of course, where the catch is. There is usually a catch somewhere (probably several) to the unwary on their superlative links, be you never so steady a 6.

The next thing he notices is the faint smell of peat, and the peculiar "tang" in the air coming off the sea. Both these fill him with a frenzy to take his driver, through the green—until he observes the face of his caddie and fumblingly refrains, murmuring incoherencies. He notices many other things before the changeful day is over which fill him with a strange delight, but I want to get back to the caddies for a moment. To the man who knows them not they are an important factor—a force to be reckoned with.

Be under no fatuous delusion that because you are reckoned a hot proposition in a four-ball foursome at the Puddlehampton golf club that your game will be treated with the respect it deserves up here. Six you may be in the eyes of the Puddlehampton Committee, some of whose money you may have taken from time to time. You are not 6 on *this* course, or any other within the knowledge of the grave, silent person who hands you a brassie when you are itching for that little light iron.

"Surely I can get up with an iron, can't I?"

He won't answer you probably. He will merely hold out the brassie towards you. When you have got about two-thirds of the way to the green with it, he won't say "I told you so." He is too much of a gentleman for that. He will merely go on chewing grass stems thoughtfully.

For the most part the Scotch caddie

"Can always command a respectful silence"

is not a mere carrier of clubs; he is a master of the game. He is also your guide, philosopher, and friend if you cease putting on parts, and do as he counsels you. If, however, you are of the rather aggressive type of player who takes the first tee breezily with "Now, come along you boys—and we don't want any talking . . ." a dreadful silence will follow you round the course; every fluffed shot—and there may be many—will seem to be compassed about by a great crowd of witnesses, instead of merely two.

Furthermore, after about the 3rd hole you should remember that the betting has probably been arranged. Three to one may quite conceivably have been laid against your taking the match to the 15th green, so that your palsied play has become a matter of serious moment to the freckled faced youth at the flag. He is not of those who makes a habit of literally throwing his shillings into the sea.

The line to take with the Scotch caddie (God bless them, for they taught me all I know, and that is little enough) is just this:

"Look here, I'm only a novice of a Southerner, I can't begin to play this game well; I'll do whatever you tell me; and I will try very hard."

"He will merely hold out the brassie"

Then he is a tower of strength, a very present help in time of trouble, and a keen watcher over your interests from the first drive to the last putt. He will be ever anxious to help, like the confused caddie who, when asked by the man who had hit only one ball in every three, if he thought he was getting on any better, replied lamely:

"Aye; y'r droppin' the ba' ower y'r shoulder better'n ye was."

But the Scotch caddie, and his whimsical personality, is half the lure of the game up there. What the other half of the lure is, can any stereotyped vocabulary define? Unless it be the air, the turf, the cunning hazard, the tricky, beautiful green, the roll and sweep of the incomparable fairway, the feeling of ecstatic fitness.

Possibly it is all these characteristics merged into one. I don't know. I don't know any man who has ever been able to describe lucidly the exact nature of the lure, its insidious fascination.

You may be the man who can tell us what it is, in a few words.

So go and probe the matter for yourself.

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE AT PARIS-PLAGE

An interesting group of members of the United Wards' Club of the City of London taken at Paris-Plage on the occasion of the Club's annual continental visit. In the front row are (left): Mr. Deputy G. T. Sirrell Tranter, Mr. E. S. Beal, Mr. E. L. J. Durant, Mr. H. S. A. Foy, Major Richard Rigg (President), Mr. Walter Rose (Secretary), Mr. J. H. T. Keeves, Mr. Deputy T. Robinson, Mr. Fred Knight and some of the members' wives

Deus ex Mashie

BY BERT THOMAS

GOLFER: "Where's Mr. McDougal—is he coming on?"

CADDIE: "He's awa back in the bunker. Ah left him wi' his mashie and his maker"

Personalities at Golf at Le

OUTSIDE THE CLUB HOUSE

Lady Beck discussing the fortunes—and misfortunes—of the day's play with Mr. Barry on the Le Touquet course

AT THE HOME TEE

Lady Esme Gordon-Lennox on the links at Le Touquet. Lady Gordon-Lennox was, before her marriage, the Hon. Hermione Fellowes

Photographs

LIGHT AND SHADE

The Hon. Mrs. Earle walking down to the links along one of Le Touquet's bowered paths

Central News

A GOLFING FOURSOME

A group of well-known golfers at the far-famed Le Touquet Club. Col. T. A. Earle (left), Mrs. Marigold, Mrs. Guy Argles and Mrs. Cecil Chaplin

Touquet and North Berwick

AFTER THE FAR FROM TRIVIAL ROUND
Lady Granby and Lady Curzon taking a well-earned rest after a strenuous round of golf over North Berwick links

AT THE EDGE O' BEYOND
Lady Colquhoun driving from the first tee at the sea's edge on the tricky North Berwick Golf Course

Photographs

IN FULL SWING
Baron Cederstrom, the husband of the late Madame Patti, on the links at Le Touquet

Day & Thomson and Central News

A GOLFING GROUP
A mixed foursome from North Berwick. The group includes: Lord Cochrane, Sir Iain Colquhoun, Lady Avice Menzies and Miss Stuart Coats

No. VI.—"TO SNUNKLE"

Once, in the War, a party of people were playing at "seeing things." You remember the game. Each took a turn at visualising past glories. Memories were all we had to live upon in those days, and it did not seem likely then that the good times would ever come back.

One of the party, a doctor, known as O. C. Swabs, on account of his passion for throat-sweeping, delivered himself as follows:

"I can see the crowd at Lord's on the first day of the 'Varsity match. All those bewilderingly beautiful dresses, you know—and thousands of men in silk hats and morning coats. Bless my soul, how funny they look, don't they? Not a Sam Browne belt in the whole bunch. And I can see the funny old tents marked 'Cavalry' and 'Guards,' if you please, just as if there were an army before the War. I can see that snunkly lunch inside. . . ."

Here someone interrupted. It is against the rules of "seeing things," but what on earth did Swabs mean by a snunkly lunch?

"A snunkly lunch," he was told, "is a lunch where everything snunkles. The champagne snunkles against the ice in the pail; the game pie snunkles against the cold lamb; and the girls snunkle up against the men so that there shall be plenty of room for everybody. . . ."

"Do you mean to say you have never snunkled?" scornfully demanded the hostess of the interrupter. "Go on, Swabs."

'I can see the boys running round under the sun with packets of score cards. I can see a yellow middle stump lie back with a bright red ball snunkling at the base of it. I can see my young brother come in, all loose and angly, and smash Cambridge slows into the benches. Once I see him lift one, and the ball is thrown back on the field by Mr. Justice. . . ."

"Really?"

"Really."

"How divinely snunkly."

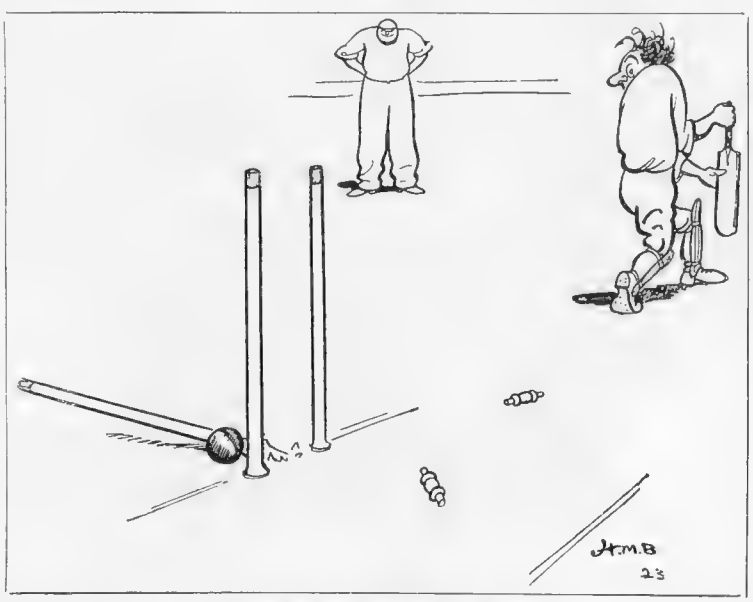
Perpend now my difficulty in giving an exact translation of the verb "to snunkle," which has since passed into the everyday vocabulary of a large section of society. If a girl may snunkle, and a bottle may snunkle, and a cricket ball may snunkle, find *x*, the common denominator of girls, bottles and cricket balls.

Probably more snunkling is to be seen at a supper-dance than anywhere else. The band plays snunkly music, such as "I wish I could shimmy like my sister Kate" or "Aggravatin' Papa, don't you try to two-time me." Your partner snunkles just enough to touch you sometimes with the flowers in her hair, and over all there are snunkly lights which seem to make complexions fresh and soft, eyes bright and tender.

But undoubtedly the most perfect setting for those who would snunkle is the river. The "properties" for water snunkling are flannels, silk shirts, big-brimmed hats, coloured socks and stockings, rainbow parasols, Japanese lanterns, exotic cigarettes, cucumber sandwiches, hock-cup, sunlight and moonlight and stars. Some successful stage managers of snunkling parties add a gramophone. It is a matter of taste, but be sure there is nothing in the world less snunkly than a listening-in set.

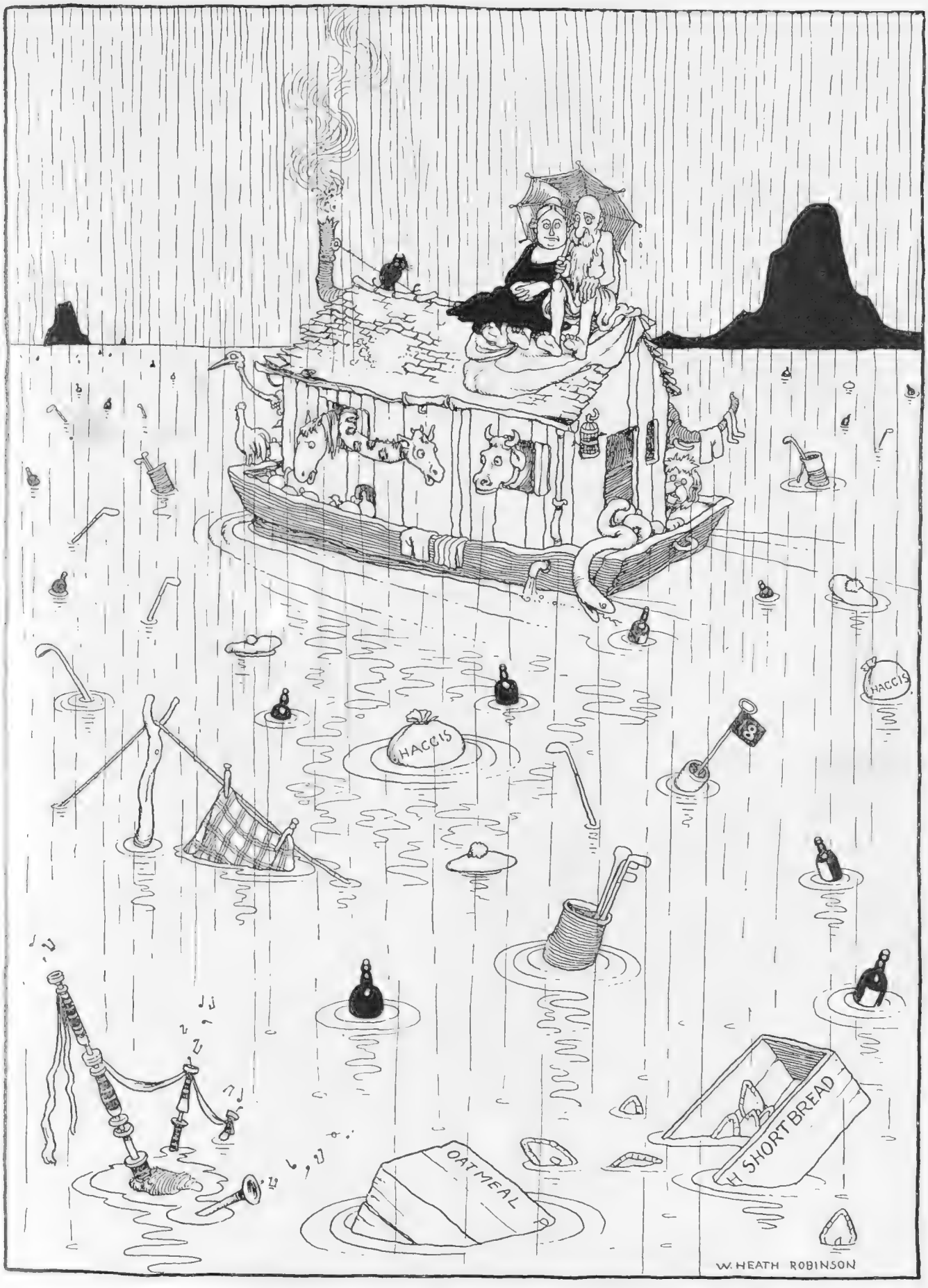
We all of us snunkle daily, perhaps without being aware of it. Women snunkle when they want new hats. Children snunkle when they want sweets or pocket-money. Men snunkle when they buy caviare or old brandy for themselves. They also snunkle when they back a horse. Woe betide them if it wins. For that will provoke them to more snunkling with Dame Fortune, till finally they snunkle themselves into Carey Street.

Is there any reprieve from snunkling? Do we snunkle till tombstone time? I'm afraid so. The aged want two pillows—that is snunkling—and they will have their toast thin with their beef-tea. Indeed, it is on record that on his 101st birthday a Scotsman recently snunkled himself with haggis. Boiled bagpipes before burial is the acme of snunkling.



"A bright red ball snunkling at the base"

An Ark-aic Problem



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

OVER WHAT COUNTRY IS NOAH SAILING?

(No Prizes will be awar-r-r-ded!)

A LOCHINVAR-IATION

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

[*As it* MIGHT *have been written had the late Sir Walter Scott been spared to contribute to our Scottish Number.*]

OH YOUNG Lochinvar he was off to the West
To stay the week-end with some friends as a guest;
He travelled first-class and he papers had none,
Except THE BYSTANDER, for that one alone
He knew was a paper that never could mar
His pleasure—he *knew* things, did young Lochinvar!

HE sighed with content, settled down in his seat,
And opened the paper and put up his feet;
He laughed with pure pleasure at all that he read,
And the pictures and jokes went like wine to his head.
"Dashed good!" he exclaimed, as he lit a cigar,
He was thoroughly happy was young Lochinvar.

THAT night in the drawing-room of Netherby Towers
They sat looking bored, reading papers for hours,
The host's youngest girl was engaged to a lord,
Who openly yawned when he flung her a word.
"What wretchedly dull-looking people they are!
I must liven things up!" muttered young Lochinvar.

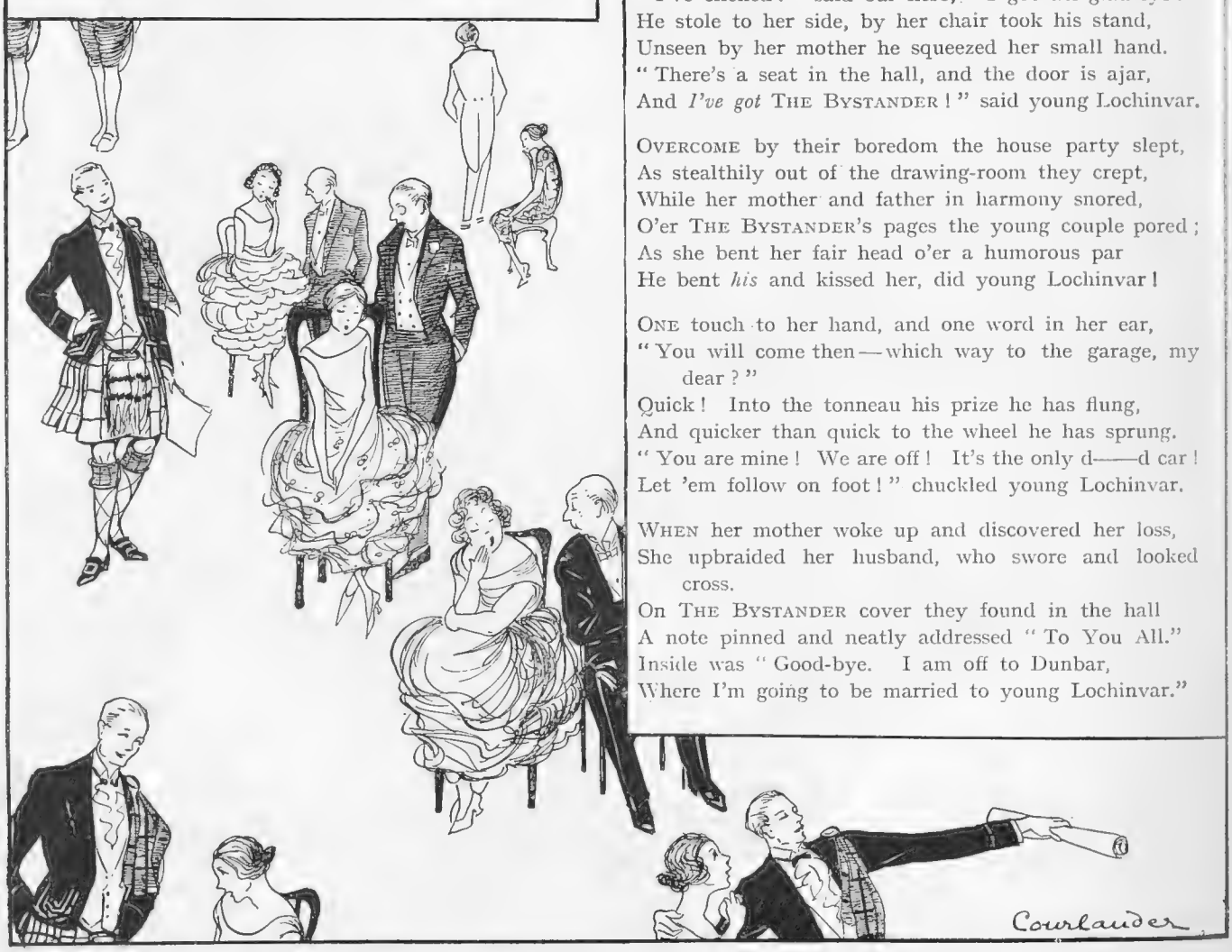
"I like that young girl, but the poor thing looks bored,
And she doesn't look frightfully keen on that lord,
He's a putrid outsider, I swear on my life
I can't bear the thought of her being his wife;
By gad! I am certain she'd sooner by far
Be hitched to yours truly!" said young Lochinvar.

HERE the lady looked sideways, and heaved a deep sigh,
"I've clicked!" said our hero, "I got the glad eye!"
He stole to her side, by her chair took his stand,
Unseen by her mother he squeezed her small hand.
"There's a seat in the hall, and the door is ajar,
And *I've got* THE BYSTANDER!" said young Lochinvar.

OVERCOME by their boredom the house party slept,
As stealthily out of the drawing-room they crept,
While her mother and father in harmony snored,
O'er THE BYSTANDER'S pages the young couple pored;
As she bent her fair head o'er a humorous par
He bent *his* and kissed her, did young Lochinvar!

ONE touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
"You will come then—which way to the garage, my dear?"
Quick! Into the tonneau his prize he has flung,
And quicker than quick to the wheel he has sprung.
"You are mine! We are off! It's the only d——d car!
Let 'em follow on foot!" chuckled young Lochinvar.

WHEN her mother woke up and discovered her loss,
She upbraided her husband, who swore and looked cross.
On THE BYSTANDER cover they found in the hall
A note pinned and neatly addressed "To You All."
Inside was "Good-bye. I am off to Dunbar,
Where I'm going to be married to young Lochinvar."



SKETCHES BY ELSA COURLANDER

The Real Pipes of Luck—Now

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

BURNS NICHT IN THE DRYLANDS

RICHMOND GEM CIGARETTES.

A REALLY CHOICE PIPE TOBACCO

1/4 LB. TIN 5/2

ALSO IN 1.oz & 2.oz. PACKETS

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY

By Blanchette.

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"They toil not . . ."

SOMEWHERE-BY-THE-SEA,

August 6

DEAR COUSIN—

COWES WEEK, isn't it, that starts this very day as ever is? Which also, if I mistake me not, happens to be Bank Holiday. Wherein may be found, methinks, some food for reflecsh. and for those philosophic thoughts on the strange habits of our fellow-creatures which are always so refreshing—what?

I MEAN—what different sorts of kinds of ways we do have of enjoying, celebrating, and generally disposing of our so-called holidays, don't we? To some of us a rapturous little gallery of masterpieces, with every day a little gem to be savoured from start to finish, sipped *à la gourmet* from the very beginning of the

"Beaded bubbles, winking at the brim"

to the last little drop that lurks at the bottom of the clear crystal glass, irradiated by the sunshine of enthusiasm and *joie de vacances*.

BUT to others, apparently — well, seems to mean quite different things. Not a real holiday at all, of course, in the c'rect and proper sense of the word, the holidays aren't, to them who toil not neither do they spin, and merely rush off to Cowes, or Scotland, or Deauville, or Biarritz, or Aix, or any of the other alleged "rest" places just to give 'emselves a change of amusement and a new background for the more or less eternal round of lunching and dining and dancing and meeting people and wearing clothes. . . . How sorry I am for them, aren't you?—and, oh, how fearf'ly I envy 'em, too, sometimes!

THOSE, though, don't count really, do they in the great army of holiday-makers who just now and at this very moment are established in possession of all the points of 'vantage, rural and coastal, as you might say, in this holiday-making land of ours? To be reckoned merely by their thousands, they are, to the millions and millions of the genuine pursuers of the ideal holiday as it should be spent.

"How the barometer's going"

THE ones, I mean, who work about forty-eight or so weeks of the year, and have just those four odd ones—or it might be six or it might be two—to cram all their ideas of the ideal way of living life into. 'Cos that's, after all, isn't it, what a holiday when examined and analysed really and properly means?

AND rather amusing, and also rather pathetic, sometimes to see what that 'parently amounts or tots up to in the crucible, so to speak, of actual and practical experience. Yes, for some of us it's really and truly a dreamtime. A wandering about (with, of course, the one person that matters) along lovely beaches, with a blue and green and purple sea always there, as gorgeous and inimitable background.

"Those who work about 48 weeks of the year"

LAZY hours on richly-grassed cliffs, with all the wild flowers of the season quite recklessly blooming around, and a cornfield or two within hail, starred with vivid cornflowers and brilliant poppies. A set or two of lawn tennis every now and then, just to give us the illusion of industry, and from time to time a round or two of golf, so that we may be the more satisfied with our own common lot and unenvious of the strenuous life *à la* Havers or Joyce Wethered, or Cecil Leitch.

ASAIL occasionally, when tide and wind serve. Some fishing, too—that lovely sea-fishing whereat you just put down a line or two over the side and think yourself very badly treated if you don't pull up at least a couple of fearf'lly 'citing fishes every time—skates and gurnards and all sorts of 'straordinary beasts that bark, some of 'em, but everyone of which tastes just like nectar and ambrosia when you have 'em cooked for breakfast Or, even better, supper same night.

SOMETIMES, of course, too, a visit to some friends who are staying near by. Quite the nicest way of

"calling," and really the only one that seems to survive, these modern days—the little drop-in to the next cottage or bungalow or hotel, in anything-but-evening dress, that happens among us here in England now, when all England is on holiday.

"On holiday you're cheek by jowl"

And, oh! the completely satisfying nature, albeit foolish, of the conversation thereat. No more chat about people and neighbours, and so on, such as, I fear, happened at the meetings of *some* of the best-intentioned persons, in London then. All nice, clean talk about tides, and how the barometer's going, and what's the best bait to lure lobsters out of their lairs with, and even possibly (inspired by clear moonlight that silvers the lapping waves) a word or two on books and things—the latest indiscretion of D. H. Lawrence, the surprising moderation of Michael Arlen in his last lit'ry effort, or why W. L. George really shaved off his moustache. . . .

And all very nice, too. But, oh! alas! the many others! Who try so very hard to make holiday, but don't somehow seem to know the very first principles. Take nice 'spensive rooms at the very best hotel, they do. And play two rounds of golf (or possibly three) per day. And never miss a sit-down meal. And moment dinner's over, start bridge, and play till eleven or twelve or one. And so to bed, and next morning start the same old round all over again. And never for one single moment realise, the poor dear things don't, that they aren't having a holiday at all, but just *working* all the time!

'S really an art, you know, having a holiday. And if you know the art, it doesn't matter one bit how hard it may pour with rain, even if it goes on doing it all the time you're at Shrimpington-on-Sea or Mudcombe-in-the-Wolds. Shan't tell you the secret, 'cos it's really rather a prized and priceless one, but's not *altogether* unconnected, of course, with the question of whom you decide to go on holiday *with*.

So many people seem to select their holiday companions, don't they, as if it didn't matter half so much even as who you go to the theatre with in Town? Whereas, 'smatter of fact, it's infinitely important, not to say pos'tively vital. In Town, after all, you *can* always escape somehow, somewhere—but on holiday you're cheek by jowl for ever, or, anyway, till the appointed train home puffs off from the local station.

Really solemn thoughts, these are, are they not, about the Ideal Holiday? But not half so much so, come to think of it, as those aroused by the new competish, arranged by a late Australian gentleman, 'bout the Ideal Woman. Which lays down seriously and solidly that (apart from other attractions) she's simply *got* to be "cheerful and bright" (help!) and a good horsewoman and swimmer, and know all about housekeeping and first aid and English literature, and the Bible, *and* be able to bring up nice healthy children.

Good start, anyway, even if he did leave out one or two little minor details—what? But isn't it altogether too delightfully *manly*? Nothing about her having any sort of affections, you'll notice, for instance, or taste in dress, or *savoir-faire*, or that knowledge of things that are happening, without which a woman of to-day is just a mere kitchen or drawing-room drudge—and not sure, of the two, I don't prefer the kitchen kind.

Didn't *know*, poor thing, I suppose—just as so many people don't seem to know how to spend their holidays. "Yes, we have no ideas," as they say in the latest phrase or gag of the moment, only it's bananas in the original, isn't it—what?

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

COWES WEEK AND A CENTURY

It is, perhaps, not inappropriate that the *Hampshire Advertiser*, which celebrated its centenary on July 28, should have an illustrated article in its centenary number on the yacht racing. For the *Hampshire Advertiser* started its honourable career in 1823 as the *Southampton Herald*, and it was the official organ of the Royal Yacht Squadron, or "The Yacht Club," as it then was. The many visitors to Cowes and Southampton this week will find much to interest them in its pages, not only in this review of racing, but in the excellent accounts of Southampton and Winchester growth in the last century.

Photograph *G. P. A.*

AN ENGLISH FOLLOWER OF THE PROPHET

Lord Headley, who is a staunch Mohammedan, photographed in Cairo, where he recently addressed a large assembly of native dignitaries in support of his adopted religion. With him are (left) Khawaja Kemal Ed-din and Abdul Miki Merlin Fadl

A Scottish Number—Past and Present

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE LAYS OF ANCIENT—AND MODERN—ROAM

SPORT of the WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph *British Illust.*

CATCHING THE CAMERA'S EYE

A photograph taken at Richmond of the House of Commons Cricket Team (captained by Lord Curzon) and "the opposition"—a local XI—in a charity match to aid the Royal Hospital. The M.P.'s scored 155 and Richmond 273 for 8

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

A VETERAN JUMPER

Lieut. Colonel J. H. Gibbon on his 20-year-old war horse, Sirdar, the winner of the fourth open jumping competition at the Aldershot Command Horse Show

Photograph *Sport and General*

A FINE PERFORMANCE

H. D. Marshall, who won the Amateur Punting Championship at Shepperton in 6 minutes 45 seconds. This is his third successive victory

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE MASTER AND HOUNDS

Mr. A. P. Robinson, who has succeeded the Earl of Essex as Master of the North Herefords, photographed with the pack after judging at the recent young hound show

Photograph *Sport and General*

A SHOT AT GOAL

Lieut.-Colonel B. H. Mathew-Lannowe about to score for Highdown during their match against Cowley Manor in the Cowdray Polo Tournament. Cowley Manor, although conceding eight goals, fairly walked—or rather, rode—over their opponents by 15 to 10

Photograph **A PLAYER OF PARTS** *Alfieri*

Sir Gerald Du Maurier driving in the Stage Society's recent Golfing Competition for a fitting reward, two cases of whisky—a good Scotch number

Photograph *L.N.A.*

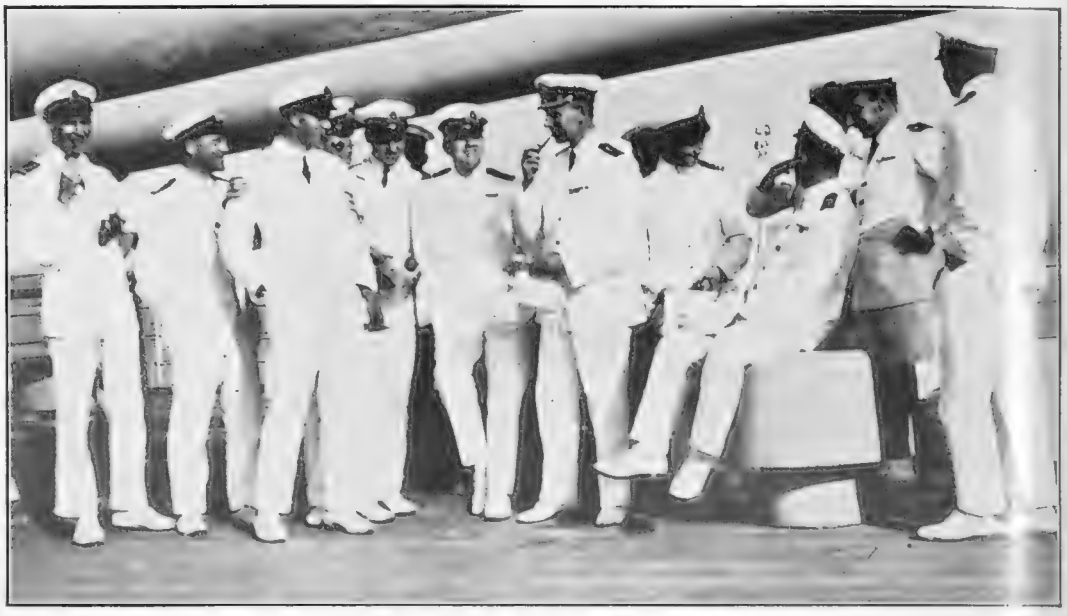
A HIGHLAND HOLIDAY WINNER

Mr. Crofts of Kendal and "Rambler," the winner of the Hound Trail one of the events in that ancient Scottish custom of "Riding The Common" at the Langholm, Old Time Fair in Dumfriesshire

H.M.S. "MARLBOROUGH"
Which has once more gained high distinction—this time in the Theatre of peace

OUR MOST POPULAR ACTRESS COMPETITION

A NAVAL OCCASION FOR GENEROSITY



"THE LUCK OF THE NAVY"
Some of the officers of the "Marlborough's" Ward Room, who have won the first prize in our Most Popular Actress Competition. They have generously donated £50 to charity

THERE has been an interesting and happy development of the award of the first prize of £250, in connection with our Most Popular Actress Election Competition, to Lieut.-Commander G. A. Whitting of H.M.S. *Marlborough*.

Commander Whitting's winning voting paper, it will be remembered, was entered in the competition on behalf of himself and other officer-readers of THE BYSTANDER in the Ward Room Mess of the *Marlborough*.

As soon as the result of the election was known we sent a congratulatory cablegram to the battleship "somewhere in the Mediterranean," which brought back a cheery reply from the officers concerned in this success, intimating that they would like £50 of the amount of the first prize to be devoted to any charity chosen by THE BYSTANDER.

Their letter is as follows:

H.M.S. "MARLBOROUGH,"
Mediterranean

CHANAK, *July* 14, 1923

DEAR "BYSTANDER."—Many thanks indeed for your cable, which was transmitted to us to-day by wireless from Constantinople.

When we first received the news that we had won THE BYSTANDER Most Popular Actress Competition we thought "someone is pulling our legs." But as the evidence of its being a true bill increased, so our spirits rose. Needless to say, the occasion was appropriately celebrated, and Chanak is not yet in a dry zone.

Please convey our congratulations to the ladies who topped the poll. We look forward eagerly to the pleasure of seeing them again when we get home.

We should be glad if you would allot £50 of the money to any charity which you may think fit.

We enclose a photograph of the *Marlborough* and some of ourselves. Again many thanks,

We are, with best wishes,
YOUR WARD ROOM READERS,
H.M.S. *Marlborough*

After consideration, and having regard to the fact that our Stage Favourites Election was a theatrical scheme, we decided that it would be most appropriate to allot the £50 to assist the very deserving work being done for the profession by The Actors' Orphanage.

Incidentally, we find that six of the well-known actresses who were "candidates" in our Stage Favourites Election are on the Executive Committee of The Actors' Orphanage.

Accordingly we have sent a cheque for £50 to the President, Sir Gerald du Maurier, who acknowledges the kindness of the officers of H.M.S. *Marlborough* in the following letter to the Editor:

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Some may say that I have an axe to grind when I take pen in hand and congratulate you heartily upon the success of your Most Popular Actress Election Competition, its admirable organisation, the three charming ladies who won the prizes, and last, but by no means least, Lieut.-Commander G. A. Whitting (for the Ward Room Mess), of H.M.S. *Marlborough*, who gained the first money prize of £250.

Lieut.-Commander Whitting, as a modern Paris judging the graces, is both a gallant officer and a bold man—bolder than I should dare to be—but then we expect it of the Navy.

And now I will let the cat out of the bag. I *have* an axe to grind! The gallant officer-readers of THE BYSTANDER in the Ward Room Mess of H.M.S. *Marlborough*, stationed in the Mediterranean, have cabled, I understand, donating £50 of their prize money to a charity, and left the decision as to which charity in your hands. You have selected the Actors' Orphanage as the most fitting object of the gift. Well, I say you could not have made a better decision. Perhaps, as I am President of the Actors' Orphanage, I am prejudiced. I confess it is my pet charity and I add that it needs help, and merits it, for it never turns down a deserving case.

I heartily thank Lieut.-Commander Whitting and his brother officers, and I heartily thank you, Mr. Editor! May you have other similar successful competitions on the same happy lines.—Yours sincerely,

GERALD DU MAURIER, *President*.

Hundreds of voting papers—in some cases from readers living as far away as New Zealand, Japan and China—are still pouring into THE BYSTANDER Office. It

is obvious that some enthusiastic voters did not post their papers in time to reach us before the closing date of the Election. In order that this shall not occur again more time will be allowed to competitors in our new £500 Competition — that to discover who is the Most Popular *Actor* on the English Stage. Full details of this new Competition will be announced at a later date.

AN UNREHEARSED REHEARSAL

Miss Gladys Cooper and her company admiring the silver tea service which Messrs. Mappin and Webb made for presentation to the actress acclaimed as the most popular by our readers. This handsome gift reached Miss Cooper during a rehearsal for her new play, "Enter Kiki"

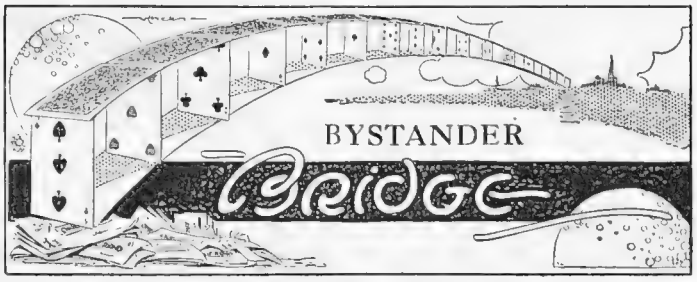
BEAUTY BEAUTIFULLY ADORNED

Miss Fay Compton wearing the exquisite evening gown which was presented to her as the second most successful candidate at the poll. It was made by that well-known modiste, Ninette, and is cunningly fashioned of ivory charmeuse and silver tissue embroidered with pearls and diamanté

Photographs ANOTHER GAIETY SUCCESS *Press and Publicity Photo Co.*

Miss José Collins and some of the Gaiety Company (including Mr. Robert Michaelis and Mr. Bertram Wallis). The object which is exciting their admiration and envy is the beautiful dressing case made by Messrs. Edwards & Sons

Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Fay Compton and Miss José Collins, who rank first, second and third respectively in our Stage Favourites Election, of course gained added fame as the result of their success. Our photographs show them with the souvenirs which were presented to them by "The Bystander" on behalf of their many admirers all the world over



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

HOLIDAY BRIDGE

A slow player, who, after long deliberation, produced just the one card he should not have played, was addressed by his partner:

"I knew you were going to do something silly when you hesitated. For heaven's sake don't think. You play much better when you don't think."

. . . . .

When you win it's good play. When the other fellow wins it's because he held all the cards.

. . . . . .

The faults which we have ourselves are those which we can least forgive in others. The habitual over-caller at Bridge is the first to cry out if his partner "stretches" it a bit.

. . . . . .

Holiday Bridge is very refreshing. Most of us are apt to get too groovy in our game. We play with the same little set of people day after day. We know all their little foibles and weaknesses and idiosyncrasies and they know ours.

. . . . . .

It is good to get away from them all and meet new players and imbibe fresh ideas. Wherever you go, you can get Bridge, and my advice to holiday Bridgers is make a point of playing with strangers.

. . . . . .

Not that I recommend you necessarily to accept the invitation of an engaging young man at your hotel who politely asks you to make up a rubber in a private room. He may be all right, but, on the other hand, he may not. There are gangs of sharpers on the look-out for victims at various holiday resorts.

. . . . .

But many of the larger seaside places have excellent clubs of which members of reputable London and provincial clubs can become temporary members. Or failing these, Bridge is played at most golf clubs.

It is jolly to play Bridge in the late afternoon with the sea breezes blowing in through open windows, or in cool country houses, or in Scottish shooting-boxes.

And what more delightful finish to a perfect day than a rubber in the evening?

Holiday Bridge has tonic properties.

. . . . . .

A reader asks me what she should declare as dealer on the following hand—

S—10, x, x, x, x, x.
H—A, x.
C—K, x, x.
D—x, x.

The reply is "pass." But I am afraid I know many players who would call "Two Spades" on it.

. . . . . .

Bad Hands

With a very bad hand and nothing called by his partner to guide him, a correspondent asks what he should lead holding—

S—9, 7, 2.
H—8, 3.
D—9, 5, 4, 2.
C—7, 6, 3, 2.

Hearts are trumps.

. . . . . .

I think the holder of such a hand should efface himself as much as possible. He might get under the table. I don't know that it is contrary to either the laws or the etiquette of Bridge to do so. I certainly think it is a better course than leading, as my correspondent did, the three of trumps.

. . . . . .

A Worcester reader writes me that he called "no trumps" and his partner put him down—

S—K, 6, 2.
H—7, 6, 3, 2.
D—7, 5, 2.
C—5, 3, 2.

and asks if it is not the worst hand on record.

It is bad, of course, but I have known worse. Counting the King as 12, it totals 62 pips. The worst possible hand is 2, 3, 4 of every suit and one 5, making a total of 41 pips.

Has any reader held such a hand?

. . . . . .

By the way, many players speak of their bad hands as "Yarboroughs" when they are not. A real Yarborough should not contain a card above a 9. The odds against holding such a hand are 1827 to 1.

IN AT THE KIL-TIE

By Marchant Smith

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series

The Royal Fountain," Canterbury

The Ambassador writes a Testimonial

"THE oldest hostelry in England"—such is the boast of "The Royal Fountain" at Canterbury. As a witness to long-continued excellence in hospitality, reference may well be made to a testimonial written at the close of the thirteenth century. When the marriage of Edward I. to Margaret of France was solemnised at Canterbury Cathedral (September, 1299) the legate representing the King of Germany wrote thus to his sovereign :— "The inns of England are the best in Europe, those of Canterbury are the best in England, and 'The Fountain,' wherein I am now lodged . . . . the best in Canterbury."

Old as is this testimonial, "The Royal Fountain" even at that date was hoary in tradition. Here, it is claimed, was housed the wife of Earl Godwin when, in 1029, she came to meet him on his return from the land of the Danes. Tradition adds that this house was the rendezvous of the four knights who murdered Thomas à Becket. Not small has been the share of this old hostelry in English history.

Less spectacular perhaps, but of importance in the history of hospitality, was the introduction of the *original* John Haig Whisky in 1627. Nearly three centuries have now passed since this fine old whisky was first offered to the discriminating traveller. The unchanging excellence of John Haig is the pride of the distiller and the tradition of the connoisseur.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

THE ORIGINAL

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

By Appointment

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

Directoires Against Crinolines.

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

CRINOLINES are not to have things all their own way. There has been the persistent effort to suggest that they are at the forefront of the fashion—for what reason it is impossible to say, for it is clear that they can never be brought into the daily service in these narrow times narrow streets and narrow minds. They have been given the considerable space—which, of course, they need—on the stage, and they have tried to take it, where the encroachment has not been welcomed, at the races. And, apparently, someone did begin to regard the affair with the seriousness. *Bien extraordinaire!*

SOMEONE has declared, surreptitiously *bien entendu*, that if there shall be a breach in the conventions then it shall not be made by the crinoline, at all the events, but by the *directoire*. In the question of breach the advantage, clearly, is all on the side of the *directoire*. But that either of them shall make the least impression upon the conventions I have the utmost doubt.

ONE must, however, say this in the behalf of those who favour the *directoire*, that they have carried their colours—those of the *bas de soie* as well as of the frock—into the test-ground of the streets. I have seen quite a number in my section of the Faubourg, though it has the pretentions to austerity. On the other hand, the crinolines have nowhere risked to float about the roads. Not even the "hoops" have adventured among the *piétons*, no more in the placid squares of the Faubourg than amid the burly of the boulevards. So on the two sides of audacity—that of style and that of courageous presentation—the upholders of the *directoire* have the votes.

IS of the most quaint, this habit to form into the two camps over the costume, just as about the politics, or the creeds, or the vaccination. At the moment of the conflict of the crinoline and the *directoire*, there is also the dispute between the coat of morning and the coat of evening. This in the relation to the weddings. There are the polemics about whether it is the correct thing to be wedded in the morning dress or in the evening dress.

BEFORE it has become the *bon ton* in the matter of dress for men to copy the fashions from England, the marriages have not presented the difficulties. It has then been correct to be wedded in the evening dress, the *habit* in which one has attended the receptions or the opera. But for the few years past has been prevalent the custom to be married in the coat of morning—the *jaquette* and the *pantalon de fantaisie*. This fashion has been thought to be established quite definitely. But a *princesse* has just been wedded to a *comte* who has worn the *habit*, and now the partisans of the one and the other have heated themselves to the whiteness over the very delicate issue.

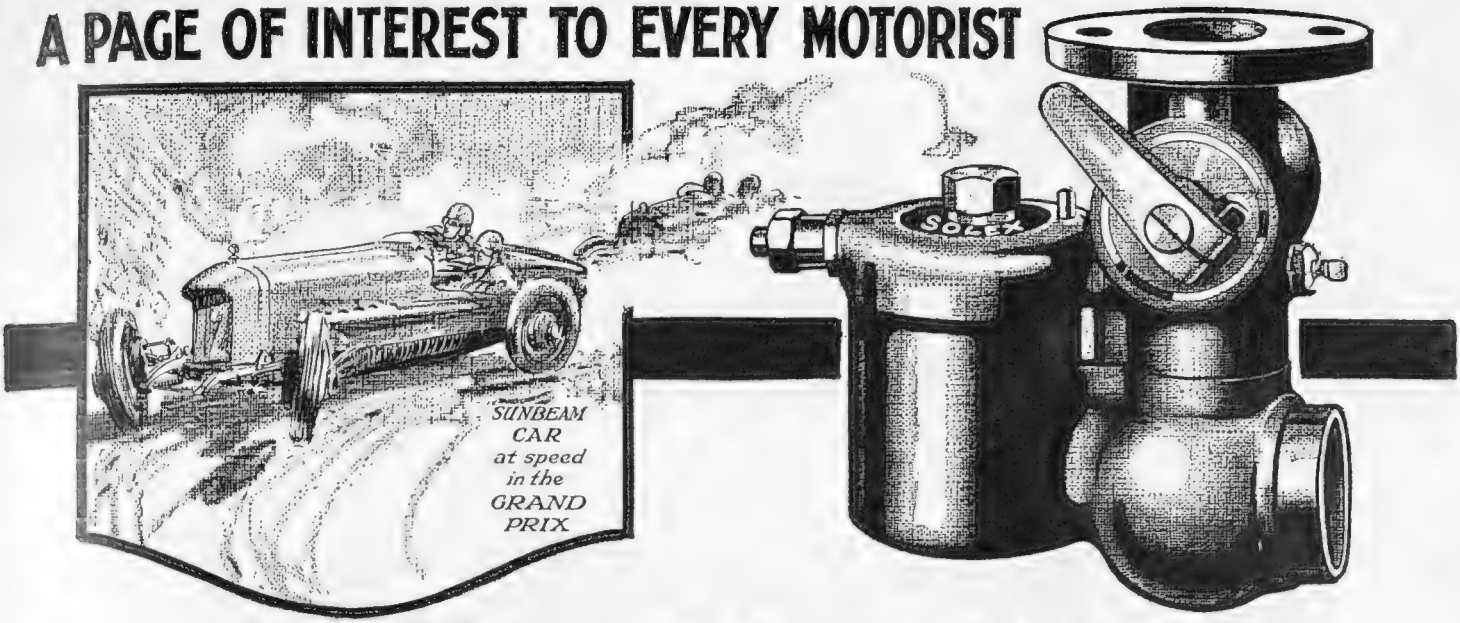
THE advocates of the *jaquette* make the rather brusque assertion that it is of the most ridiculous to parade in the clothes of evening at midday, which is the hour of the *grands mariages*. Most probable is it that you will be of agreement. But the antagonists of the *jaquette* found their opposition on the great principles of Art, department of harmony. Beside the white robe of the bride, they insist, the *habit* alone is harmonious and enough ceremonious. I know of a much better reason than that.

"The farewell bachelor party"

IF the bridegroom has chanced to stay out late at a farewell bachelor party of the *veille*, he has the advantage to be fully prepared for the ceremony, should he have to dash straight from the one to the other. There is the well-remembered case of an Englishman who has been a guest at a wedding in Paris and who has taken what he has thought to be the dreadful risk to appear ridiculous, because he has not been able to get to his hotel after a long party and has been anxious not to offend for *la vie* by the inexcusable absence. To his bewilderment he has been complimented on to be the only foreigner present who has known the correct dress to wear at a French wedding. He has thought,

(Continued on page 600)

A PAGE OF INTEREST TO EVERY MOTORIST



SUNBEAM CAR at speed in the GRAND PRIX

For SPEED

Solex Successes are proof of Solex Superiority

THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX

Solex Carburettors were fitted to the Sunbeam Cars which gained a notable British Success in this strenuous race by finishing

1ST 2ND and 4TH

The winning car, driven by H. O. D. Segrave, averaged 75.2 m.p.h. The second Sunbeam averaged 71.8 m.p.h., and the car finishing 4th averaged 70.5 m.p.h.

Of the seventeen starters in this most strenuous contest only five survived, and the Sunbeam team was the only one to finish complete.

If it's speed you want, fit a Solex to your engine and watch her "streak" away. You'll have a reserve in hand, too!

You can have a Solex fitted on 30 days' Free Trial. May we send details of the special model designed for your car?

S. WOLF & CO., LTD.,
115a, SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1.
Telephones: Central 5172 and Hop 2734.
COVENTRY: 6, WARWICK ROW.

TOURING GRAND PRIX

(2-Seater Category)

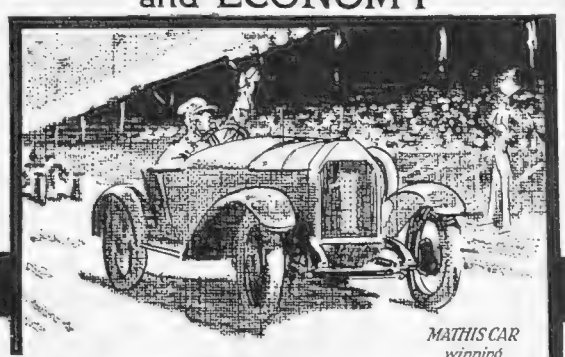
Solex Carburettors were fitted on the Mathis Cars which gained a sweeping victory in this great fuel consumption race and finished

1ST and 2ND

In this race the cars were allowed sufficient petrol in sealed tanks to enable them to cover the course if they averaged 46 miles to each gallon—the distance to be covered being 182 miles, the Mathis won at an average speed of 48 m.p.h.

Economy in petrol consumption is the principal feature of the Solex, which gets every ounce of power out of any engine and is also the easiest carburettor to fit and adjust.

and ECONOMY



MATHIS CAR winning the great FUEL CONSUMPTION RACE (2 SEATER CATEGORY)

SOLEX

THE NO-TROUBLE CARBURETTOR

DIRECTOIRES AGAINST CRINOLINES (*concluded*)

"To his bewilderment he was complimented"

at first, that the remark has been ironical, that his friends have wished to indicate their observance of the fact that he has gone as far as he could in the absence, without to miss the ceremony altogether.

THERE are always the perils about the engagement in the such controversy, which has the influence to make many people stand in the obscurity while the really bold ones do fight out the matter. Even when one is dead one is not ever safe from the *revanche* of someone who may have been offended in any dispute that is associated with Art, department of Harmony or department of Æsthetics. One has presently the example of Victorien Sardou, who has written some of the plays which you have loved as much as we, but which have not spared him from the vengeance of the gentleman who is the *garde-place* for the statues.

WHEN one of the *vasques* of the Place de la Madeleine has been removed to make the space for a dreadful statue of Jules Simon, in a *redingote* which does give him the appearance of a poor, old-fashioned farmer from the most remote provinces, Victorien Sardou, who has declared himself a jealous defender of the elegance of Paris, has protested with a vehemence of which few others could have been capable. His campaigns of sarcasm would have withered the self-respect of all but officials, but on the dull persons to whom they were addressed they have been without the effect. The Administration had determined to give this emplacement to the statue of Jules Simon, and they have refused to hear the storm of invective which Sardou has launched at their heads.

"Morning or evening dress?"

BUT where is to be erected, do you think, the statue of Sardou that is shortly to be set up in Paris? On the Place de la Madeleine, in face of the statue of Jules Simon? The Administration has heard the thunder of Sardou and has taken a bitter revenge. REN

By Appointment since 1848.

This matured fine old Scotch Whisky has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for more than seventy years.

How's that Umpire?

"Take a peg of John Begg!"

JOHN BEGG, LTD., 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow. 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

THE Sea in Summer Time gives the perfect bath. But all the year round the bath at home can be made healthy and invigorating by the use of Lifebuoy Soap. Lifebuoy Soap is more than an apology for the refreshing tang of sea air and the tonic buoyancy of salt water. The Lifebuoy antiseptic odour, fresh as a sea breeze, brings health to the bathroom and the home. An ideal toilet soap for keeping the skin healthy and beautiful.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

The name LEVER *on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED,
PORT SUNLIGHT.

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Birds About Town

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

IN THE HIGHLANDS

BILL *(the Sassenach)*: "Och, aye, m' wee bit laddie! Ah'm thinkin' oor pr-r-r-oper plac' 'll be London, ye ken. Wot abaht 'oppin' it?" *(They hop accordingly)*

Femina

DAMP HOUSES

By MRS. M. VINCE

DAMPNESS is one of the most familiar devices of romance in making houses a fit setting for ghosts and crimes and horrors of all kinds. The damp stains on the wall make strange and fantastic patterns, the mouldy paper flaps or flutters in the draught of the opening door, and we know at once that something terrible will happen. Perhaps it is the association of it with the more gloomy romance which makes dampness in houses seem to most people not only an unpleasant, but a mysterious thing—some strange disease. Whereas, in the majority of cases, there is a simple and quite prosaic cause which can be found and removed. The dampness is the result either of neglect or of some carelessness or mistake in building.

AS HER CHARMING SELF | AS THE INIMITABLE MISS SHOE

MISS JEAN CADELL

Whose interpretation of the garrulous spinster in Mr. C. K. Munro's brilliant comedy "At Mrs. Beam's" at the Royalty Theatre has been one of the outstanding successes of the season. Miss Cadell was born and educated in Edinburgh, and, fortunately for us Southrons, crossed the border some seventeen years ago when she made her first professional appearance at the Scala Theatre

Photographs Mabel Robey

I CAME across a case the other day. It was a comparatively new and well-built house. It had neighbours and they were not damp. But damp this house undoubtedly was. One wall of the dining-room had to be frequently repapered, for the damp was always showing through, and the dining-room floor had to be relaid, because dry rot was found in it. In the end the owner did what ought to have been done in the beginning. He had the exterior of the house examined and it was found that two bricks had been left out of one of the walls. This was the cause of the whole trouble.

ONE often hears it said of old houses, "It's damp, you know. It's an *old* house." And that is thought to explain everything. But there is no mystery and inevitable connection between age and dampness in houses. If old houses are damp, it is not because they are old, but because they were built at a time when builders did not realise the need of a damp-course. The damp from the ground will rise right up through the walls of a house unless, near the ground, some substance is built into them which is impervious to damp. As a rule this damp-course is a layer of slates set in cement between the courses of bricks, about six inches from the ground. Through the slate the water cannot penetrate, and so it can rise no higher. If dampness shows on walls near the ground, it is fairly certain that the cause is a defect in the damp-course, or a complete absence of one.

SUPPOSE, on the other hand, that the dampness appears only on the walls at the top of the house. In that case the cause is almost certainly in the roof. The damp has come in through a broken or missing slate, and when the roof is repaired it disappears.

IF, again, the dampness appears in odd places neither near the ground nor the roof, then some other cause has to be sought. It may be that there are one or two porous bricks in the wall, and there are various ways of treating these to make them waterproof. Or it may be that the gutters are broken and that the water dripping from them is continually blown by the wind against the wall, and soaks through. All these are simple causes. They can be found and removed.

THERE are various methods of treating the inside of damp walls so as to prevent the dampness from spoiling the paper, but not one of them is really satisfactory. One way is, before papering, to put pitch paper on the walls, but this only keeps out the damp for a time. Another way is to put lead foil. This will not let damp through, but it is very difficult to make it stick to the wall. In the end it will come away, and the work will have to be done again.

THERE are waterproof solutions—but they cannot be put on while the wall is wet, and it is very difficult to get the wall dry. To each and all there is some serious disadvantage. The only sure thing is to have the exterior thoroughly examined, to find and to remove the cause of the damp. It may, as in the case of a defective damp-course, be more expensive at the time, but in the end it is much cheaper, as well as much more satisfactory.

A HIGHLAND LOVE SONG

By A. A. THOMSON

O MAID of Auchterblether,
This love song now I bring,
And whiles I wonder whether
It has the proper swing;
I have, alas, no Gaelic
And yet my fond heart yearns
To, in my humble way, lick
The stuffing out of Burns.

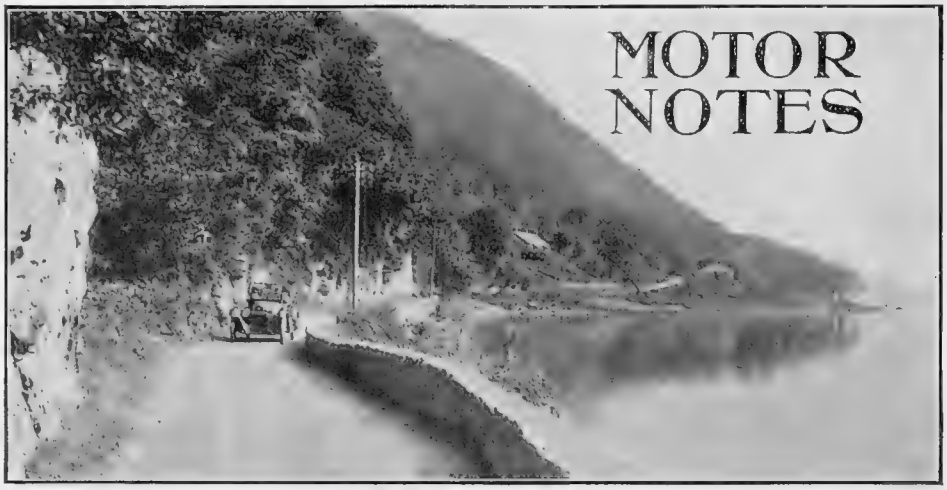
'TIS Love's eternal law that
Your praises I should sing;
A man's a man for a' that—
And a' that kind of thing.
My fancy keeps referrin'
To when I caught your eye,
A-sellin' caller herrin'
Whilst comin' through the rye.

WE wandered in the gloaming
Where soft the sporrans sang;
We watched the haggis homing
And heard the saxpence bang;
We heard the bittock booming
His evening hymn of praise;
We saw the bannocks blooming
Upon their banks and braes.

AND then, alas, we parted
With tears of bitter brine,
For, though quite tender-hearted
I had to draw the line.
Southward I started faring
When you (as you thought best)
Insisted on my wearing
A tartan undervest.

MAXWELTOWN braes are bonny,
So stop your ticklin', Jock.
Sing hey! Sing ninny nonny
And Edinburgh Rock!
Hoots, toots and Tobermory,
John Anderson, my Jo.
Thus ends my simple story . . .
That's all the Scotch I know.

MOTOR NOTES



Photograph *Sport and General*

BY THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH AWE

The loch-girt road that runs from Oban to Dalmally affords the motorist one of the most attractive runs in the Western Highlands

IN order to commemorate the first British victory in gaining the Grand Prix de l'Automobile Club de France, our own Royal Automobile Club presented gold medals to Major Segrave, M. A. Divot, and Mr. K. Lee Guinness, and silver medals to their mechanics, as well as giving a luncheon to the chiefs of the Sunbeam Company, the makers of the winning cars. Sir Arthur Stanley, the Chairman of the Club, rightly expressed the views of all motorists in this action, for not only is it a great achievement of the Sunbeam cars to get first, second and fourth places in such an event, but the sweeping victory of the Sunbeam team brings to the notice of the world generally that England can still build fine, fast and reliable motor vehicles.

* *
*

I OFTEN wonder whether motorists who pass through Preston, after having stopped at the Park Hotel for refreshment, ever take the trouble to look at Hoghton Tower in its vicinity. If it had not been the gathering place for the General Committee of the R.A.C. and Associated Clubs recently, I myself would not have discovered this historic house. But owing to the kind permission of Sir James de Hoghton, in whose family this place has remained for the past 300 years, opportunity was given to make acquaintance at first hand with Hoghton Tower.

* *
*

WHAT with meeting all sorts of new chassis with egg-box bodies on the road, testing four-wheel brakes for the Olympia Show models, and the placing by the Daimler Company of a 12 h.p. touring six-cylinder car on the market, I am led to wonder whether writers on motoring topics are ever to be allowed a holiday from technical matters. I am not at all sure that the ordinary rear-wheel or transmission brakes of an efficient nature want any further braking capacity added, except for the very heavy and very fast large cars. These, too, are only bought by a small minority of motorists, so that, though the Parisian taxi-cabs are now using brakes on all four wheels, I do not think they are worth the extra cost to the general motor-owning public. The Parisian cabby is famous for his reckless driving, so it is understandable that he always wants extra powerful brakes. But in England the ordinary car, be it a cab or a carriage, is quite easily controlled with the present style of brakes.

* *
*

IT always amuses me to note that year after year, as the motor manufacturer tends to bring the cost of the new motor vehicle down to a modest and reasonable sum, up springs some gadget or extra to put the price up again.

(*Continued on page 606*)

The finest value ever offered!

THE marked success of the 14 h.p. Crossley is due to its quality and road performance, and at 400 gns. for the four or two-seater Touring car it is unquestionably the finest proposition before the motoring public to-day. The prices of the closed cars are equally attractive. Compared with cars in its class the 14 h.p. Crossley scores very heavily from the points of view of road performance, reliability and economy.

Other Crossley models are the famous 19.6 h.p. which is recognised as one of the world's finest cars, and the 20/70 h.p. Sports model which is sold with a guaranteed speed of 75 m.p.h. Full details of any or all Crossley models will be sent on request.

CROSSLEY MOTORS, Ltd., GORTON, MANCHESTER.
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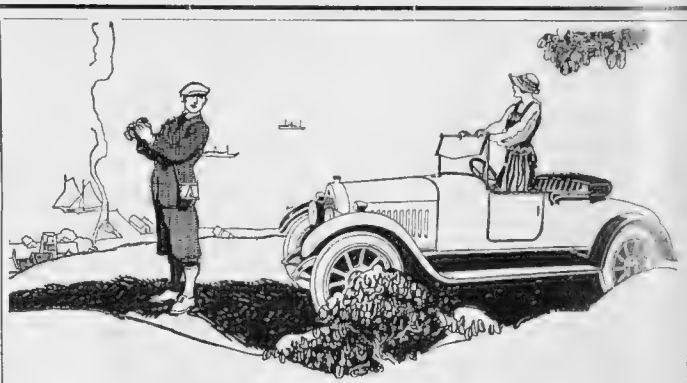
Crossley

The Car which broke all R. A. C. Certified Trial Car Mileage Records



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Go to the sea on a Swift and you go in perfect comfort. Neither hill nor rough road affects the smoothness and certitude of its running. For the Swift has a big power and comfort margin and an infinite capacity for speeding away the miles.

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2/3 Seater - -	£435
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4 Seater with rear wind-screen and luggage grid -	£465

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2-Seater with Dickey or "Chummy" Model (accommodating 2 adults and 2 children)	£250

Write for Art Catalogues of the 10 or 12 h.p. models and name of nearest agent to the Manufacturers

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He thought all cigarettes were alike. He didn't dream that the cork-tip could make all that difference

You just try them!

20 for 1/-

Made Specially to PREVENT SORE THROATS

CRAVEN "A"

CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

Take this four-wheel brake craze, for example. It must add to the cost, as not only does this system require a stronger front axle to withstand the extra strains, but the springing of the car is affected so that stiffer springs or shock-absorbers are required, irrespective of the cost of the front wheel brake mechanism.

* * *

THE Wolseley Company have received a letter from Mr. C. F. Rey, the author of *Unconquered Abyssinia, As It Is To-Day*, who has just returned from that country, in which he states that the old original 1907 Wolseley, driven by Captain Bentley to Addis Ababa from the coast and presented to King Menelik, is still running. Mr. Rey had a ride in it, and despite the villainous tracks, styled roads, and the ill-treatment of the car by its Syrian driver, the Wolseley was running quite well, though patched and mended in a dozen places. He crashed into holes and bumped over piles of stones, yet the car still travels, much to the surprise of its passenger. It speaks well for the sturdy vitality of the Wolseley that it should be still in the land at all, to say naught of still running, like Charlie's Aunt.

THOUGH most motorists know all about Pyrene fire extinguishers, few are aware that this company makes a radiator "motor meter," or thermometer, to indicate whether the cooling water is being overheated by the engine—a sign that something is not quite in order. It is easily screwed into the radiator-cap and is a useful fitting which no wise motorist should be without. Besides indicating whether the engine is running too hot or too cool, this Pyrene motor meter is a sure guide to warn the driver if the engine is not in its best order before any serious damage can take place, which is a practical application of "forewarned, forearmed."

Photograph *Sport and General*

CAR BONNETS OVER THE BORDER

The car seen in the above photograph is being shipped on to the primitive highland ferry that plies between Ballachulish in Argyllshire and Inverness-shire. The intervening water is Loch Leven, one of the most beautiful of the Western Highland lochs

* * *

AN R.A.F. officer, driving a 25 h.p. 1920 model Vauxhall from Bagdad to Damascus via the direct desert route, and thence via Baalbek and Beyrout to Palestine, averaged the creditable speed of 21 miles an hour, with a consumption of 12.9 miles per gallon of petrol for the 800 miles trip. And what a journey, too, as 100 miles were over badly flooded country in Iraq, 500 miles of trackless desert were covered, and the remainder of the route over some of the worst hills in the world. On one occasion 69 hairpin bends were negotiated in eleven miles, yet in all this trip the Vauxhall required nothing more than filling up. Besides the driver and his two passengers, the car carried 54 gallons of petrol, 16 gallons of water, food for the party for ten days, and kit and spares for the car of which latter none were used. The car had also been running for two years in Persia and Iraq and had never had a thorough overhaul, while the temperature during the trip varied from 110 deg. F. on the Iraq side to 34 deg. F. in the Syrian mountains. Who will now say that British cars cannot stand up to all conditions of track, country and climate? OLD HY.

GBD

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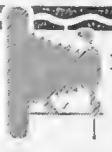

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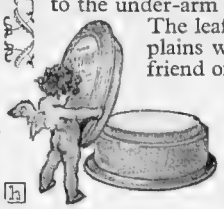

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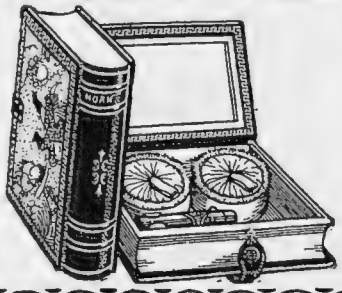

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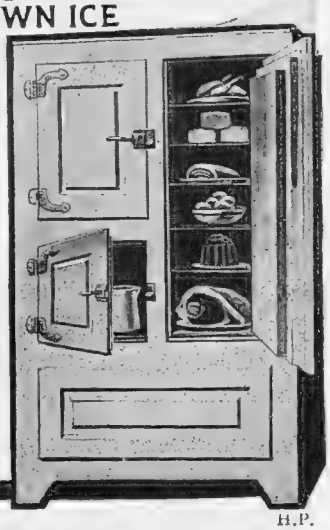

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. . . . "In spite of very rough travelling and, under the most trying climatic conditions, the instrument has given entire satisfaction throughout, and is still going strong."

The Bestone QUALITY GRAMOPHONES

Write for illustrated catalogues of cabinet and portable models and name of nearest Agent — post free, or demonstrations will be gladly given at our

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28 North Audley Street, W. 1.

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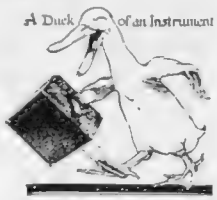


"Off for the holidays."

The "PEMBROKE."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest "Pull-on" Hat in rich quality French Velour, relieved with a fine stitching. Beautifully soft, pliable, and absolutely waterproof, it is an ideal Hat for all occasions. Trimmed with silk ribbon band and bow, and real feather mount. In beige, black, nigger, oyster, grey, beaver, brown, taupe, cuba, sand, blonde, amethyst, saxe, royal, copper, jade, rouge, and muffin. In small, medium, large and extra large head sizes. Price **45/-**

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved

N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

To H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.M. the Queen of Norway.

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.

by Appointment

ONLY ADDRESS:

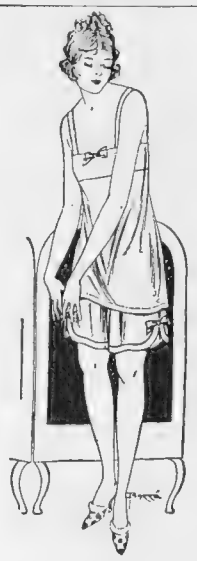
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Lotus agents are to be found in every district and have special facilities for giving good shoe service. A beautifully illustrated style book entitled "New Season's Styles" will be sent to any reader upon application to Lotus Ltd., Stafford

The 'Toe Test'

When a person is sitting cross-legged you can get a tolerably correct reading of his or her heart beats from the toe. It tells in regular vibrations or in jerks and tremors whether the patient is well or ill. Whatever be the state of the heart, the head of the woman who buys good footwear is sound. She knows that a beautiful Lotus or Delta shoe will add pounds to the apparent value of the gown she wears. The sense of rightness, fittingness and elegance which begins at the toe permeates her whole personality and makes her feel well-dressed. The toe test is passed triumphantly by Lotus wearers. The two-bar shoes now so fashionable are made in beautiful glace kid, patent and suede at prices ranging from a guinea upwards. Ask to see them.

Lotus & Delta
BOOTS AND SHOES
Made by Master Craftsmen



Pure
Milanese Silk

The delicate fabric of "Drusilla" Lingerie is as lasting as it is lovely. "Drusilla" is indispensable to all women who aspire to the slim, youthful silhouette.

In the style illustrated in white, shell-pink, lemon, mauve, sky, and black.

Vest 9/11 Nightdress 34/6
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Makers of Wonderful Lingerie
First Floor (opp. Piccadilly Hotel),
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If you designed your own car

it would probably approximate very closely to the Horstman, which is itself the outcome of an owner-driver's long experience. Everything possible is done to save labour, while maintaining efficiency, the following being a few special features which prove the careful thought in Horstman design. There are no greasers on the Horstman chassis; replenishing six oilers every 1,000 miles being the only attention necessary to chassis lubrication. A kick starter banishes the various minor troubles usually associated with an electric set.

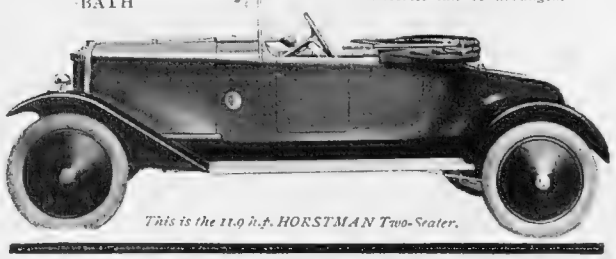
As for speed, 60 m.p.h. is an easy task for the superb British Anzani engine, and the full cantilever springing front and rear absorbs all road shocks even at the highest speeds.

Drive a Horstman and realise your ideal Car.

11.9 h.p. Two-Seater, £336.
11.9 h.p. Four-Seater, £357.
11.9 h.p. Two-Seater Coupé, £399.
11.9 h.p. Super Sports Model, £500.

HORSTMAN CARS LTD. BATH

May we send you illustrated particulars post free per return? Immediate deliveries can be arranged.



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"The Car that passes you" H.P.

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You'll like the fresh fruit taste of

Mackintosh's REAL FRUIT Toffee de Luxe

It is Real Fruit blended with the rich goodness of Toffee de Luxe. Wonderfully refreshing. Wonderfully delicious.

It is good beyond the telling, and different from anything you have ever had before.

The nearest Confectioner is waiting to sell you some NOW.

Six Varieties:
LEMON CHERRY
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By weight—8d. per ¼ lb.
Also in 2/- "Pocket" Tins.

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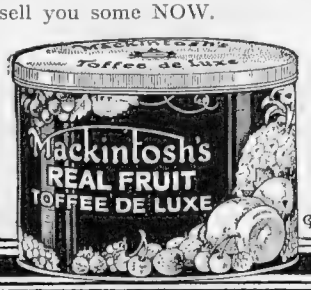

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Made from High Grade Scotch Tweeds, Saxonys and Cashmere Suitings.

7 Gns. TO ORDER

Also Black or Grey Jacket & Vest and Striped Trousers. *Patterns sent.*

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— TAILORS —
219, Oxford St.
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There is a place in every man's wardrobe for Two Steeples Reg'd No 83 SOCKS
Two Steeples, Ltd. Wigston.

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

A Foreword on Furs

THE very prominent place now accorded furs in the realm of dress is being met by the keenest enthusiasm on the part of furriers. During the past decade these people have more than doubled their output, although the firms to be absolutely relied on for quality and good styles can still be counted on a few fingers. That furs of every description are a paying proposition is evidenced by the important position they occupy in most of the leading drapery establishments; but apart from these houses, a specialist who buys skins in the raw, subsequently curing and making these up on the premises, invariably appeals to the woman who is ultra-fastidious.

The specialist always knows the little more that means so much. It is therefore of particular interest to learn that at the City Fur Stores, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, they are pushing forward with express speed the new small necklets that are to replace the large animal stoles which during the past few years have done such yeoman service. In addition to bringing about a refreshing change, these little necklets are likely to give an impetus to better-class furs, since only small animals such as mink, stone and baum marten, chinchilla and rat chinchilla, sable, and fitch lend themselves to the new vogue, which is worn clasped closely round the throat. It is a complete *volte face* from the large fox and other skins, real and faked, that have been worn slung low about the shoulders, and although doubtless inspired in Paris, we have the smart American woman to thank for its acceptance.

Illustrated are two of these modish necklets made of natural stone marten, a delightfully marked skin, the one a single animal carried close round the throat and fastened over the left shoulder, the other running to two skins, and again worn high, but not so upright, the one skin stretching across the front, and the other across the back. Until the end of the month, when a closure is put on summer prices, the City Fur Stores are offering the first necklet at 9½ guineas, and the other at 18 guineas; while for purses that cannot run to such sums there are some admirable substitutes in natural and dyed fitch ranging from 3 guineas. Natural fitch is a most effectively shaded fur, toning off from a deep rich brown to a yellowish cinnamon, and it is, moreover, of a soft, silky texture.

TWO SMART STOLES

These two modish little necklets of natural stone marten are to be found among a large stock of fashionable furs in the City Fur Stores, at 64, St. Paul's Churchyard

Sketched at City Fur Stores by "Beta"

A HANDY WRAP-COAT

Capes and wing-sleeves are features of the up-to-date wrap-coat, which is such an ideal attire for travelling. The model illustrated is of soft vicuna overchecked in black

Original design by "Beta"

A Travelling Wrap-Coat of Distinction

WHETHER our holiday destiny be Scotland or some English or Continental watering resort, it invariably pays, in the long run, to invest in a travelling wrap. There is always the large chance of an entire change of weather, and a wrap can be donned or doffed as required, whereas the coat and skirt is a fixture.

Just now a cool little knitted frock—that splendid stand-by for many occasions—represents the ideal travelling attire, supplemented by a long coat that not only serves for a reasonable amount of warmth when required, but allows one to emerge at the end of a journey without evidence of dust and dirt; and of course when the Channel has to be crossed an extra wrap is absolutely imperative. So fully has this come to be realised that *mantua* makers have been more than usually busy this season devising and creating new models in the fashioning of which wing sleeves and capes play a conspicuous rôle. A non-committal colour is ever a wise choice, grey or one of the dust shades of browns, the latter being selected for the original suggestion illustrated.

The material, a sort of soft vicuna, is over-checked in black, the cape that acts as sleeves and the high, amusing collar, deeply bound with a self-shade of brown, the cape being lined also with brown serge, silk or satin.

A Saving in Footgear

NOW we know exactly what to ask for when the sad hour arrives and our shoes require to be re-soled. Hitherto a very tricky and unsatisfactory procedure, especially when the

quality would not submit to hand-sewing and nails had to be used. But the "Thill" Sole Fixer, invented and supplied by Wood-Milne, Ltd., is attached by cement, which at once does away with nails and screws, or, indeed, anything in the least calculated to harm the original structure of the shoes or boots. This sole fixed, the feet are absolutely immune from wet, and it has also a non-slipping effect, besides being light, invisible, and flexible. Furthermore, Wood-Milne claim that the "Thill" far outlasts the ordinary leather sole, the average period of wear being from six to seven months, according to the tread of the wearer.

Four types of heels are supplied for ladies' use, with the "Thill" sole. There is the Louis, the Cuban and the Cushion, the latter having an ordinary straight side. All are slightly cupped at the back, so that when fixed, a firm, tight joint is made with the edge, giving the impression that the rubber is part of the shoes. Then there is the Ajax, fitted with a leather centre, which is considered to provide even better wear and a greater non-slipping resistance. The cost is exceedingly moderate, though that must, naturally, vary a little according to the status of the bootmaker. However, anyone finding a difficulty in getting the "Thill" has only to apply direct to Wood-Milne, 3, Central Buildings, Westminster, S.W.1, for information.

Toilet Preparations For All Ages

It is, surely, an invaluable thing to know that we can sally forth in perfect confidence of acquiring guaranteed worth if only we ask for the Melba toilet preparations. No matter the quality and kind of skin or the age, there is something for everyone. The three outstanding features of the applications towards youth, beauty and freshness comprise a skin cleaner, a cream for use at night with a little gentle massage, the Melba face powder that is of the fineness of pollen wafted through the air, and a greaseless cream to tone up and beautify the skin without massage, and a splendid basis for the powder. A delicate but distinctive perfume emanates from all these preparations, while the receptacles in which they are put up are as dainty as the contents. They are easily recognised by the prevailing colour scheme of pale mauve.

Men, moreover, are strongly advised to try Melba shaving soap, which lathers quickly and imparts that always desirable refreshing sensation to the skin, which is enhanced by the subsequent use of a toning powder, especially helpful to tender skins. The prices are very reasonable, only 1s. 6d. for a tube of shaving cream and 1s. [illegible]

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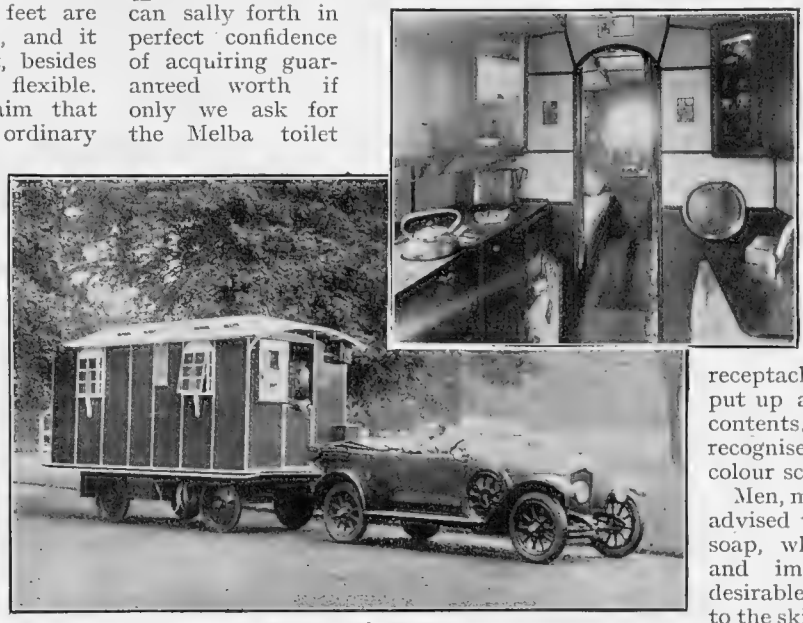
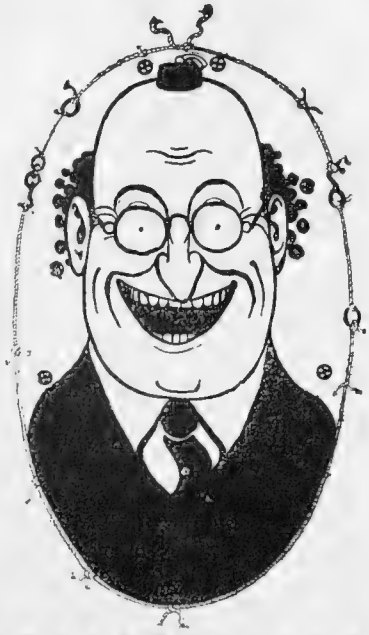


A HOUSE ON WHEELS

The "Flatavan" Trailer Caravan on the move. This is the latest way—or perhaps one should say the latest interpretation of an old idea—of solving the housing problem. As made by Messrs. Melville and Co., of St. Stephen's House, Victoria Embankment, the van can be detached from the carriage, and—if the rate collector isn't anywhere around—made to stand commodiously "in its own ground." The upper picture shows the interior of the caravan, a kitchen, larder and linen cupboard combined, and a cunning little bed-sitting room. Other types have bath-rooms, verandahs and all sorts of additional luxuries

Your Morning Laugh



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in the funniest picture feature ever published. Others make you smile; this will make you laugh aloud.

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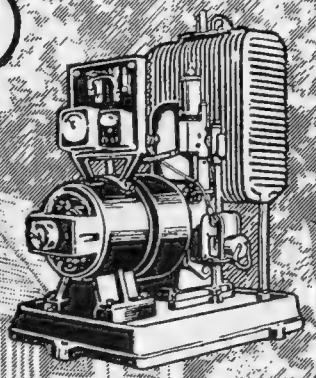

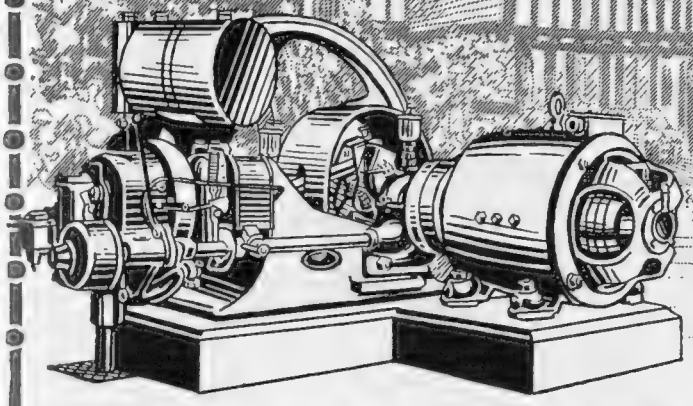

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Write for Catalogue No. 40.

"TRITEX" SILK-STOCKINGS

When buying silk stockings, why not buy a brand of proven merit? TRITEX have fifteen years' reputation. Every pair a good pair—every pair gives lasting wear.

Only people who have worn the ordinary kind of silk stockings which ladder at the most awkward times can appreciate the comfort of wearing TRITEX. Also, TRITEX have a very "good" appearance—they have the rather thick texture of very expensive stockings; washing does not make them poorer.

TRITEX fit beautifully round the foot and ankle. Look for the Yellow Box and see the name TRITEX upon it.

All colours ***Price 8/11 per pair.*** *Half sizes*

Agents—the best shop in each town.

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Beautiful Users of BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN TOILET PREPARATIONS

Miss Fay Compton,

the charming and well-known Actress, writes—

Comedy Theatre,
S.W.
July 17, 1923

Dear Sirs,

I use your Georgian Soap, Beauty Powder and Shampoo Powders, and find them all quite excellent, of delicious perfume and most refreshing in use.

Yours truly,
Fay Compton.

Bristow's Toilet Preparations can be obtained from leading London Stores and principal chemists and stores throughout the country.

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Established 1777.
Clerkenwell, LONDON.
Perfumiers & Makers of Superfine Soap from George III to George V.

BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN SOAP 10p per Tablet.
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Send name of your Stores
Make beauty a duty!

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Specially Trained against BURGLARS for LADIES' GUARDS
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30 mins. from Liverpool Street

Eiffel Tower Lemonade

Sweetened. (No sugar required). 10½d. Tin (makes 25 glasses). Ready to Drink.

TWO KINDS. The Original 6½d. Bottle makes 2 gallons (requires ¾-lb. sugar).

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

for the toning powder. The proprietors, A. Connell and Co., 20, Bevis Marks, E.C. 3, are always pleased to answer any inquiries forwarded to them, although their goods are to be found at all the high-class stores and chemists.

FOR THE TOILET TABLE

Some of the delightful "Melba" toilet preparations made by Messrs. A. Connell and Co., of 20, Bevis Marks, E.C. 3, and sold everywhere

Edinburgh for Antiques

Edinburgh is renowned for its curiosity shops, and at one time or another has been the venue of most of the art collectors of Europe. Among many famous houses, Dowell's Ltd., established in the early years of the nineteenth century, holds a unique position in the world of collectors. Through its rooms in George Street, Edinburgh, have passed many valuable items in works of art, furniture, and books. The Chairman of Directors, by the way, is Lord Carmichael, of Skirling, who for some time was a director of the National Gallery, and has a world-wide reputation as an authority on Art.

Scotland For——

Well! It's Scotland for lots of things. For bannocks, for banks and braes, for whisky, for ever. And also for the holidays. . . . . "Scotland for the Holidays!"

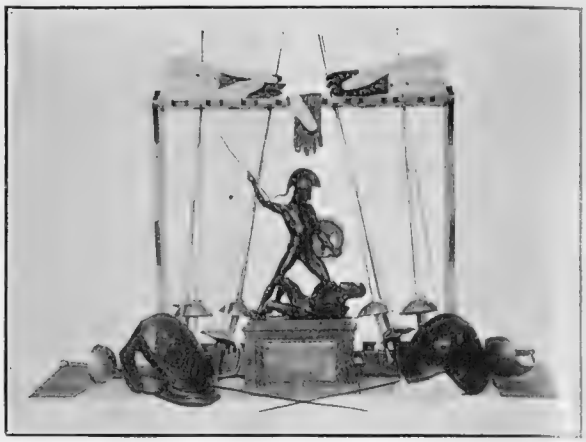
It has a lovely sound—and a lovely sight. And a wonderful suggestion of pleasures to come. The London, Midland and Scottish Railway Company have chosen it as a title for their series of charmingly illustrated booklets descriptive of chosen spots in the Land o' Cakes—Edinburgh and the Scottish Borderland, Ayrshire, the Land of Burns, the Clyde coast and Loch Lomond, Oban and the land of Lorne, and many others. They are obtainable on application from any station served by the London, Midland and Scottish, and contain useful information for all would-be travellers to the Highlands.

A Sportsman's Paradise

There is considerable speculation among Highland folk—and for that matter among Southrons and the permanent "visitors" from the U.S.A., too—as to who will purchase the magnificent estate of Braemore in Rossshire, which Messrs. Castiglione, Erskine and Co., of 32, Castle Street, Edinburgh, are offering for sale by private treaty. We understand that the offer is still open, and it will be interesting to learn who eventually acquires this sportsman's paradise, which includes the famous Deer Forest, an extensive grouse moor, and salmon fishings, in its 42,000 acres. The house stands at an elevation of 750 ft. above the sea in the midst of the magnificent mountain scenery for which this part of the Highlands is so justly famous. It was, of course, built and designed by the late Sir Montague Fowler, the designer of the Forth Bridge.

Something New for Smokers

It's good to hear of a new cigarette, especially when it comes from the hands of a well-known maker. Smokers will be well advised to try the "Debrett," a new Virginian cigarette, which Major Drapkin and Co., makers of the well-known "Greys" cigarette, have recently placed on the market. The cigarettes are mild in flavour, well-packed, and free from those irritating effects so often found. The price, for a good-class Virginian leaf, is very moderate, 25 for 2s., with boxes of 50 and 100 at a corresponding cost.



POINTS THAT "ARRIVE"

Some of the exhibits of the Wilkinson Sword Co., of 53, Pall Mall, which were displayed at the Hotel Cecil during the recent international fencing tournament between Great Britain and America

MEN AND WOMEN MUST LOOK YOUNG.

A good Facial Appearance is essential to Happiness and Success.

IF your face looks like one of these and you would like to acquire perfect facial appearance by the latest scientific method which supersedes the old time-worn remedies such as massage, electricity, creams, lotion, preparations, etc., you will find it worth your while to fully investigate my exclusive methods for removing and correcting facial defects and convince yourself of the absolute truth that my methods are the only ones which positively restore to your face the lost looks and remove the lines of age, worry or ill-health which mar your appearance.

During the last 15 years I have specialised in the removal and correction of facial blemishes on a scientific basis and I have successfully treated over 6,000 men and women who have come to me from all parts of the world, specially for my treatment, which cannot be practised by anybody else. The following are a few of the facial blemishes which I remove or correct—Wrinkles around the eyes—sagging cheeks—imperfect facial contour—baggy chin—loose skin on neck—lines from mouth to nose—frowns—unsightly nose—unrefined complexion, etc., etc.

Consultation is free daily from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Those unable to call personally should write in full confidence for particulars.

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Quickly and easily the strength and consistency of your stroke will improve. You can practise whenever you like when it is impossible to get over to the links. Get an AUTOTEE and develop *style*, whether beginner or plus player.

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Get an "AUTOTEE" today

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You are invited to call

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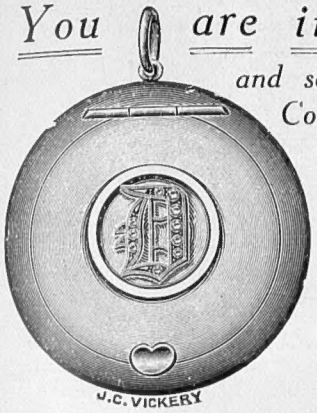

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"DEAREST" RING.
Set D-iamond,
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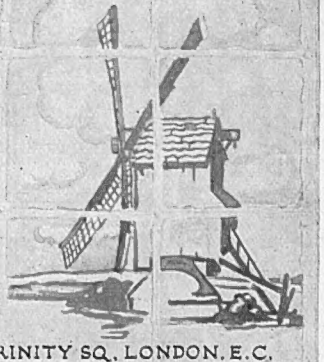

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THE NORWEGIANS are very fond of a 'Dawson Pjolter,' which is the best thing in Whisky-and-Sodas. They mix a 'P.D.' Whisky with ***iced*** Soda Water in a tall, tapering glass and drink it slowly.

If you have never tried it you can have no idea what a wonderful difference the iced Soda Water and the tall glass make.

In Norway no man would dream of drinking Whisky with uncooled Soda Water in a small glass as we do, and the reason why almost every 'Pjolter' is a 'Dawson Pjolter' is that they have discovered that this genuinely old blend does not lose its character when mixed with Soda Water.

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SPECIAL SCOTCH DISHES

SCOTCH GROUSE
SCOTCH HAGGIS
SCOTCH STEWED TRIPE
SCOTCH OMELET
SCOTCH PUDDING
SCOTCH RAREBIT
SCOTCH LOAF CAKE

Scotch Grouse

PLUCK one or two young grouse, singe carefully, draw, and clean the inside, and wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. Game birds, and especially grouse, should never be washed. Mix ½ oz. of fresh butter with a saltspoonful of black pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt and a few drops of lemon-juice, and place this inside the birds. Truss the birds for roasting, and dredge the outside with flour. One or two vine-leaves and a slice of fat bacon should be wrapped over the breast of each bird. Roast from about twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, and baste frequently. Place fried bread-crumbs round the birds, and serve bread sauce and gravy with them.

Scotch Haggis

Chop a sheep's tongue, liver and heart, and 1 lb. of bacon. Add two large chopped onions, season with quarter teaspoonful of red pepper and one teaspoonful of mixed herbs and salt to taste. Mix with one pint of toasted oatmeal, two beaten eggs, and the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Then clean the pouch of the sheep and fill with the mixture. Lay in boiling water, and let boil three hours. Serve with apple-sauce.

Scotch Stewed Tripe

Clean and boil the tripe until tender, then fry one chopped carrot and one onion until light brown. Stir in one tablespoonful of flour, add one cup of stock, one bay-leaf, some thyme and parsley, let it boil. Season with salt, pepper and lemon-juice. Cut the tripe into narrow strips, add to the sauce. Let simmer half an hour, and serve.

Scotch Omelet

Boil some young tender leeks in salted water, let drain. Chop to a fine mince, and fry in hot butter. Add six well-beaten eggs, sprinkle with salt and pepper, fold into an omelet and serve on a hot dish.

Scotch Pudding (Cold)

Take one quart of black cherries, remove the stones, and mix with ½ lb. of fine bread-crumbs, some chopped nuts, the beaten yolks of four eggs and half cup of sugar. Add the whites beaten stiff. Bake in a well-buttered pudding-dish, and serve cold.

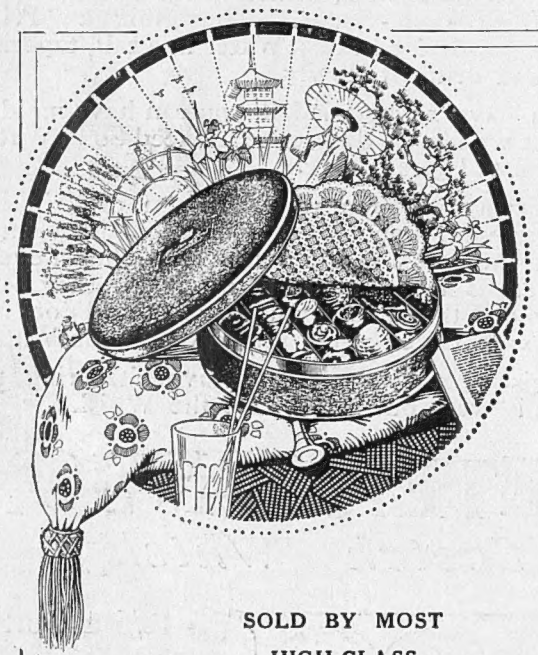
Scotch Rarebit

Cut ½ lb. of cheese in very small pieces, and add 1 oz. of fresh butter, two tablespoonfuls of fine bread-crumbs, one teaspoonful of prepared mustard, salt and pepper, and a pinch of cayenne to taste. Mix well together to a smooth paste. Have ready some buttered toast, place on a dish, spread with the mixture, and set in the oven until melted. Serve at once.

Scotch Loaf Cake

Mix ½ lb. of butter with ¾ lb. of sugar, half cup of chopped nuts, and half cup of shredded citron; then work in 1 lb. of sifted flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Make a loaf as flat as possible (about an inch thick), and bake in a moderate oven until done.

EMILIA



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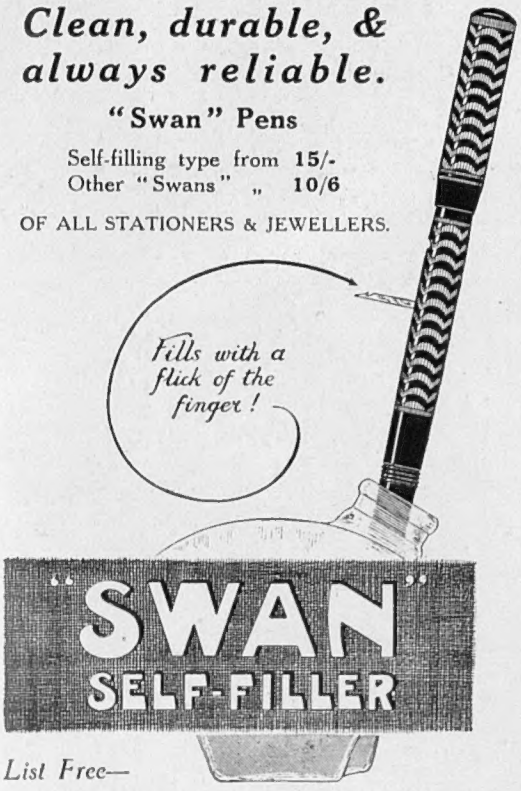

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